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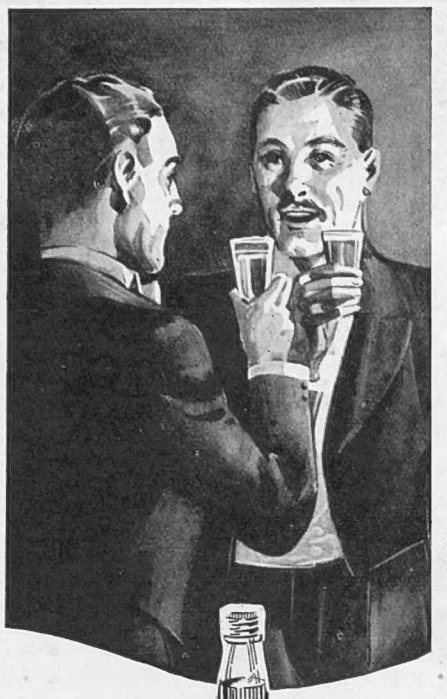

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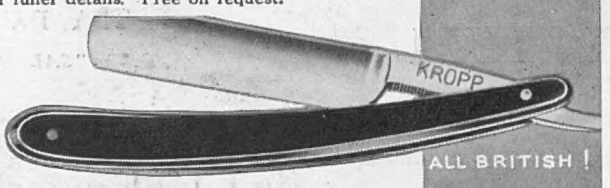

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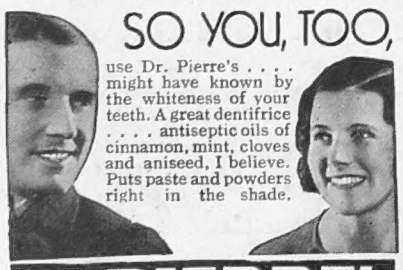

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its nearest neighbours on right and left, Westminster, Lambeth, and Blackfriars bridges, and everyone of us is agog to estimate the results. Will the traffic blocks prove sufficiently serious to justify its replacement by an expensive substitute to carry twice the breadth of traffic? Or will it be proved that the old bridge (re-conditioned) would have best served the interests of the Capital, having regard to the still antiquated condition of a part of the Strand and of the purlieus of Covent Garden? Are we putting new wine into old bottles? Were pride and jealousy, as much as proven utility, equally responsible for this grave decision, so bitterly contested, so calmly accepted? The immediate future will probably indicate the answer adjudged correct.

A WALK DOWN BOND STREET.—A walk down Bond Street in the height of the Season is an exercise which everyone should indulge in; not perhaps for the benefit of his health, for the air is foul with exhaust fumes and dust particles, and the noise is dreadful; but for his soul's sake and Street to King Street, the impression that modern art is in quite a healthy state will be deepened. At Frost and Reed's, Arthur Heming's poem pictures of the Canadian Northland and pioneer days are still drawing an interested and enthusiastic public. They are very remarkable and the same may be said of the artist. Up to the age of sixty he was a novelist and recorder of the wild, whose only excursion into the field of art was as illustrator in black and white of his own books. Now he has taken to colour and has quickly mastered that difficult art. He has brought the poetry and romance and loneliness of the Canadian North to London as, it is safe to say, no other living artist could do. In each one of his extraordinary pictures he holds you with the sheer dramatic force of the incident depicted and leaves for all time in colours of flame a record of a wild life that is rapidly passing. Next door, at the Palser Gallery, that famous house for early water-colour, the Heatherly group is showing. The group includes its doyenne, Violet McDougall, whose methods link the group with an earlier London group once considered ultra-modern and now established in fame. When the prices are right, modern artists have no grounds for pessimism.

Brown Jack, Sir Harold Wernher's ten-Stakes for the sixth time in succession he be beaten. After he had passed the post flying and skirts fluttering, fashionably escorts rushed to the unsaddling enclosure who has been ridden by Donoghue on each Loosestrife as the field entered the straight

for the interest it affords. On the pavements he will meet a dozen acquaintances, squires from the country up for the Horse Show, soldiers massing for regimental dinners, planters on leave from the outposts, and Londoners on their lawful, if expensive, occasions. The windows of every art gallery, silversmith, furniture and book shop will hold him. He will spend hours profitably at Mallett's. Rare editions, hunting prints, plate, old masters, and modern paintings will draw him inside to enjoy without payment a score of art exhibitions elsewhere. If he enter Walker's Galleries, he will find it difficult to believe that British painters are left to starve and to whistle for appreciation of their merits. There were shown those little jewels of flower paintings by Mrs. Wright, ranging from 2 guineas for 3-in. squares of colour, light, and joy—the perfect wedding present; and Romilly-Fedden's brilliant Eastern scenes; and every picture which one would wish to buy already bearing its little red circle.

AND A RAMBLE INTO ST. JAMES'S—

And sauntering on down St. James's

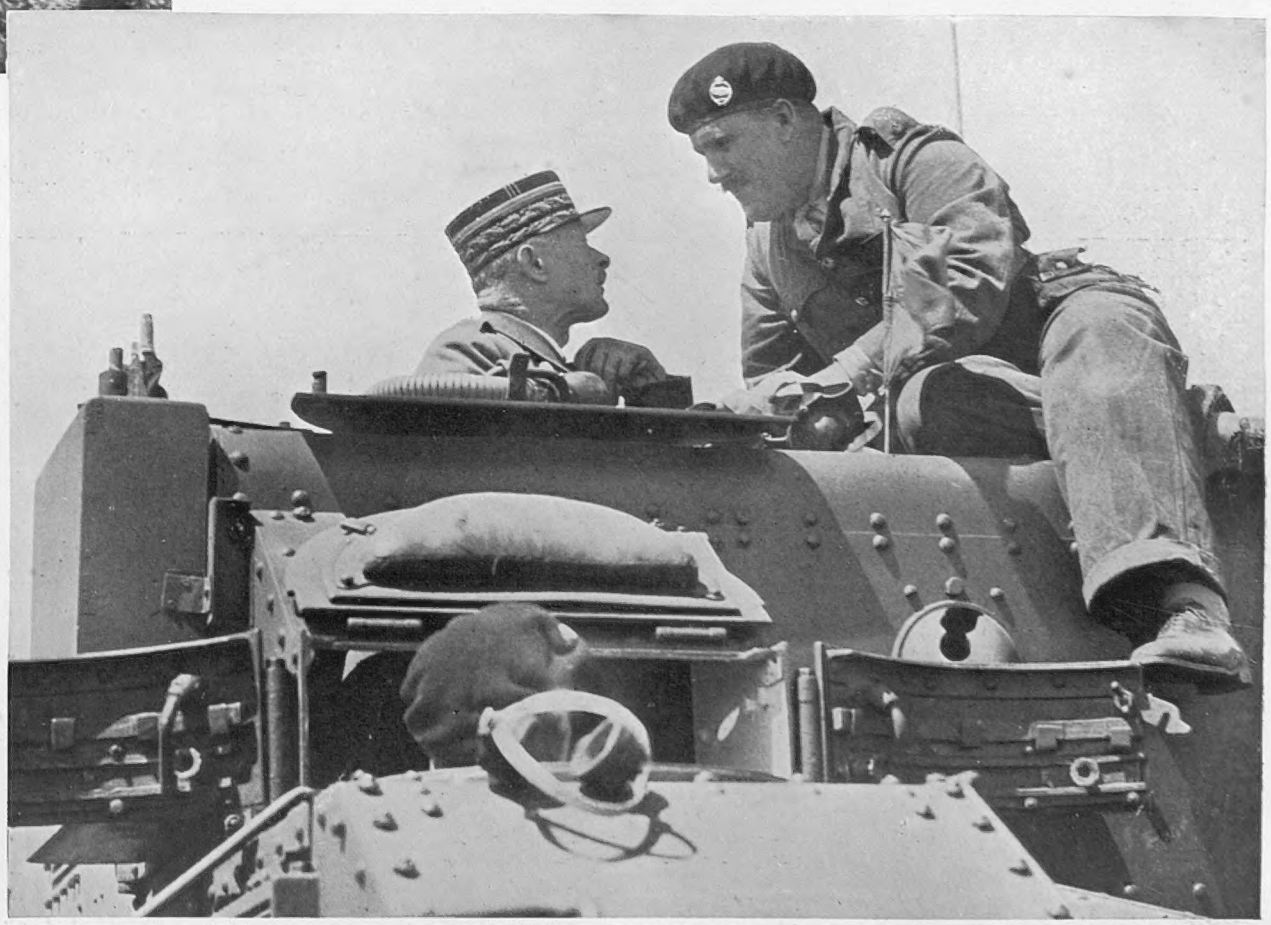
SETTING AN EXAMPLE.—I am bound to say that nothing struck me so forcibly during the latter stage of the long drought as Authority's differentiation between precept and practice. With the local authorities all over the country the watering-business slogan appeared to be "business as usual." The fountains played as usual, the open spaces were sprayed, the basins, paddle ponds, and Lidos were cleaned and replenished, public sports-grounds were carefully tended with the water which householders were being browbeaten to husband. The idea of an example from above was not considered for a moment—which is, perhaps, why respect for government continues to decrease. It brought to my mind the not very remote parallel of the thrift campaign during the dark days when so much money was available for propaganda directed towards private thrift, and so much money was available for public profusion in salaries and in new departments, and even in the acquisition of works of art.

OLD BONES.—In Turkey, as elsewhere, the destruction of individual liberty is in evidence; and with some justification Zaro Agha, the 160-year-old Turk, now a-dying, complained of the insults offered to his person and to his claim to be the oldest man alive. He was forced to submit to an X-ray examination of his bones, as a result of which the medicos reported that the bones in question could not possibly be more than 120 years old. Zaro has always asserted that his bones were firmly set before the French Revolution was born or thought of or the affair of the Diamond Necklace polished off. But the medicos bank on the bones being late Borodino or early Waterloo. It is not pleasant for a man who clearly remembers the unpleasant sensation caused by the news of Marie Antoinette's execution to be officially informed that his bones are nineteenth century, with the implication that his active life in the eighteenth century was merely a jelly-fish existence. In the good old days a man could seek his remedy in the courts and bring his traducers to book. But the age of chivalry (as one of Zaro's great contemporaries remarked) is dead.

THE OLD STAGER

IN AID OF THE WORKLESS.—The Personal Service League, which is doing such earnest work for the unemployed, has organized a Cathedral Pilgrimage during the first two weeks of July. The public are invited to enrol by purchase of Pilgrim Tickets at 2s. 6d. each for adults, and 1s. each for children. A special pilgrims' service will be held at Westminster Abbey at 10.30 a.m. on July 1, the opening day. The King and Queen will attend, and Their Majesties have expressed the wish that on that day everyone should attend at his or her own cathedral. Special pilgrim services will be held daily in Canterbury Cathedral throughout the fortnight and receptions of pilgrims will be held by the Dean and Chapter twice daily at 11.30 a.m. and 2.45 p.m., and other important devotional services will be held. Arrangements similar to those at Canterbury are being made in cathedrals all over the country, from St. Mary's, Edinburgh, and Newcastle and Carlisle in the North to Truro and Portsmouth in the South, from Norwich in the East to Bangor and St. David's in the West. A Pilgrim's Ticket may be obtained at any railway station or office of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son; any bookshop of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son; from any branch of Messrs. Boots the chemists; or from the organizing office, 38, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

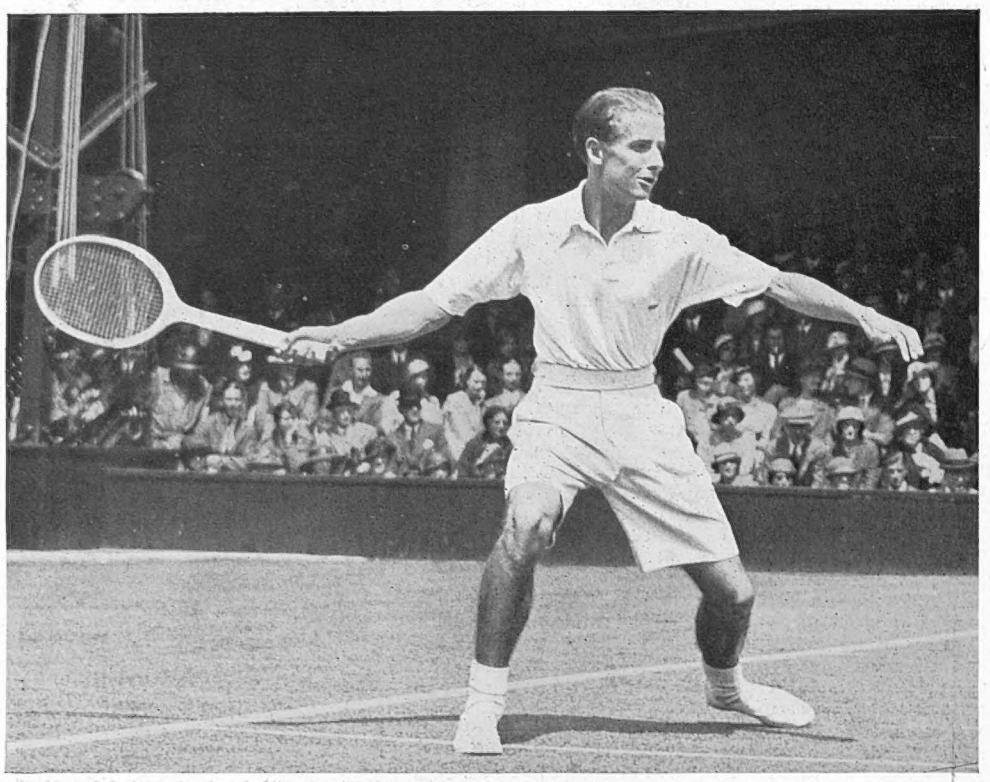
DISTINGUISHED VISITORS FROM WEST AFRICA: The Sultan of Sokoto who has arrived in England with the Emir of Kano, the Emir of Gwandu, and a large retinue. The three chiefs, who rule over millions of West African natives, are carrying out an extensive sightseeing programme. On Monday they were received by the Lord Mayor of London



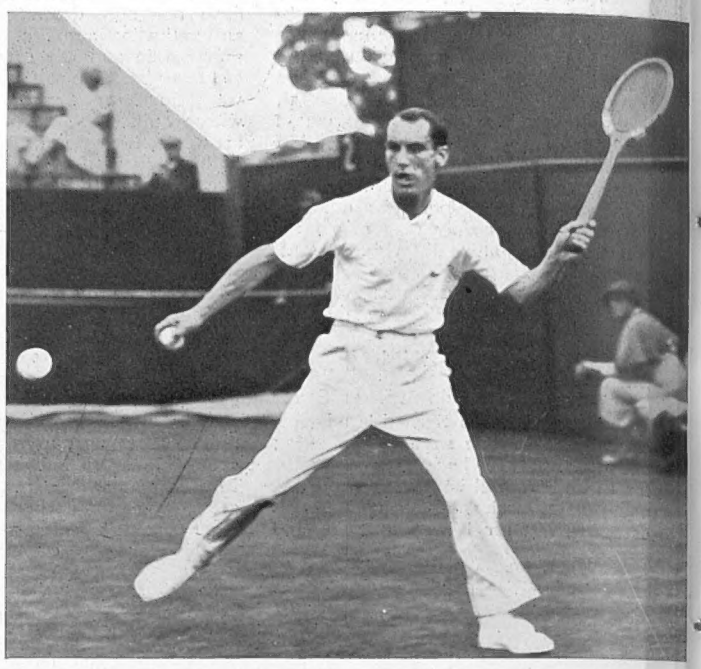
GENERAL WEYGAND, Inspector General of the French Army, talking to a Tank Corps officer during his visit to Tidworth last week. He was Chief of Staff to Marshal Foch in 1914 and played a brilliant part in the critical battles of the last year of the War

WIMBLEDON OPENS

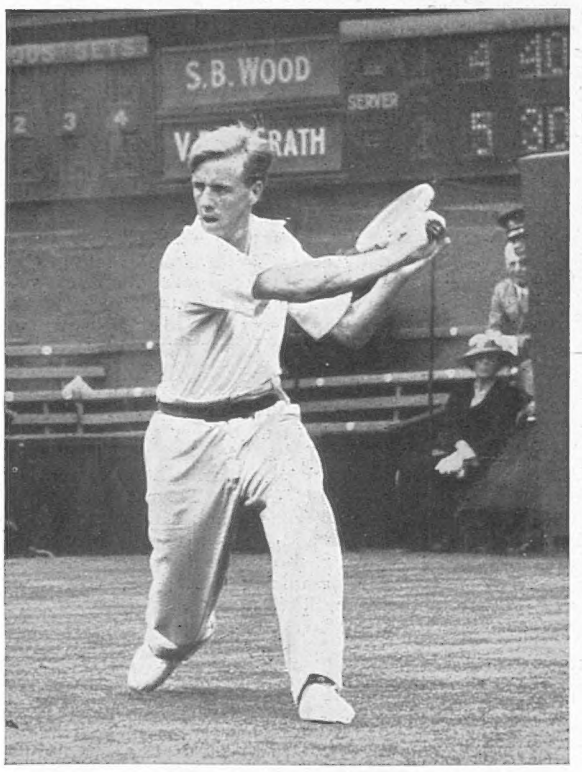
Some First Round Survivors



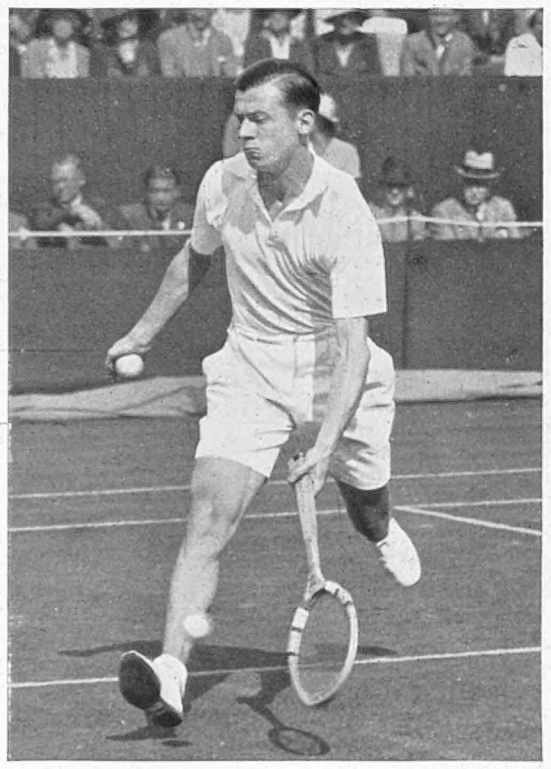
OVER THE FIRST HURDLE: H. W. Austin, Britain's greatest stylist, in action against M. Sleem of India, a subtle tactician, who was once one of the finest base line players in the world. Austin, who was not greatly extended, won 6-3, 6-1, 6-2



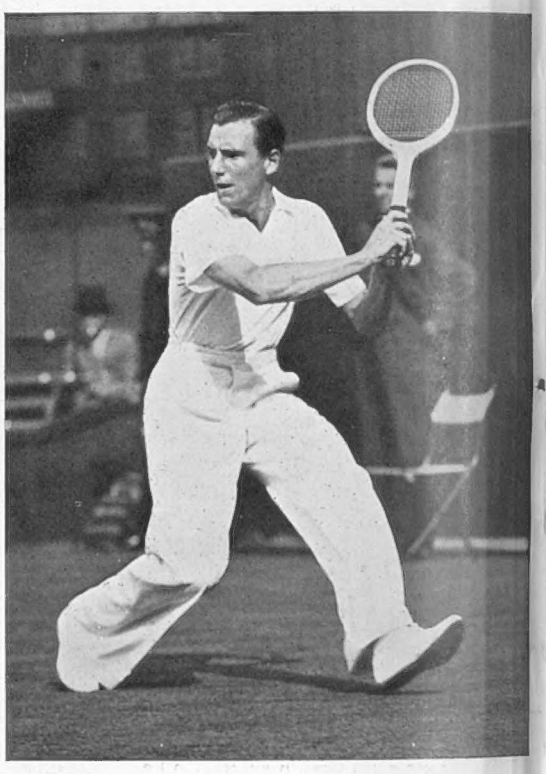
THE AMBIDEXTROUS ITALIAN: Giorgio de Stefani, who is seeded for the first time this year, only just managed to beat V. Landau of Monaco by 7-5, 10-8, 7-9, 7-5



A FORMER WIMBLEDON CHAMPION: Sidney B. Wood (U.S.A.), who easily beat V. B. McGrath, the Australian. The latter, who has more "off-days" than most players, was in poor form

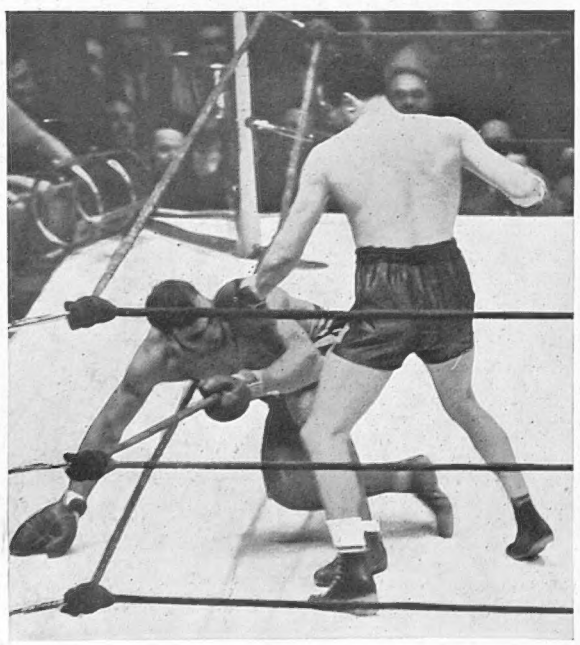


A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR ENGLAND: C. Boussus of France, conqueror of Hare, the young English player of whom so much was expected. The latter's ground strokes were deficient both in pace and accuracy

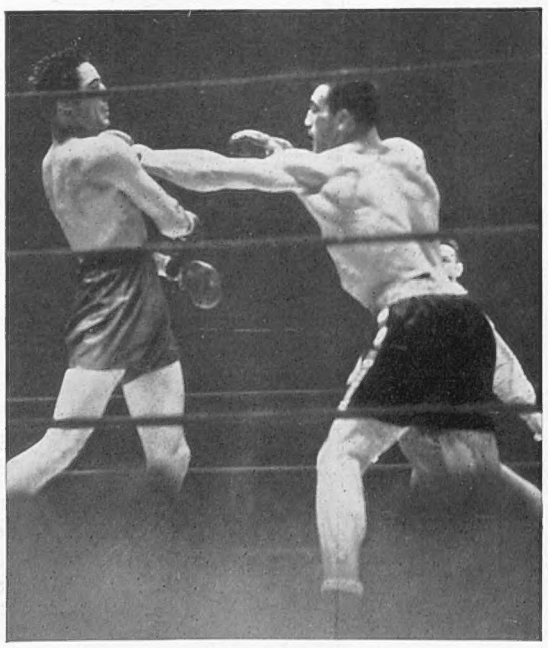


ENGLAND'S NO. 1: Fred Perry experienced little difficulty in accounting for C. R. D. Tuckey, the Army champion, who, however, managed to capture a set. The score was 6-2, 6-2, 5-7, 6-0

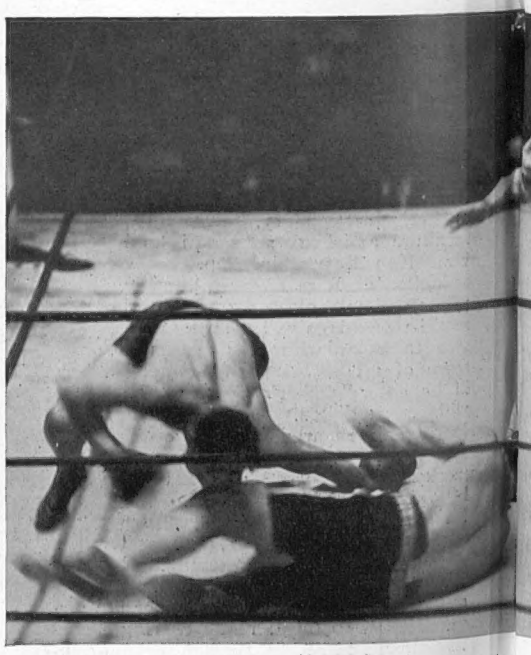
THE WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP



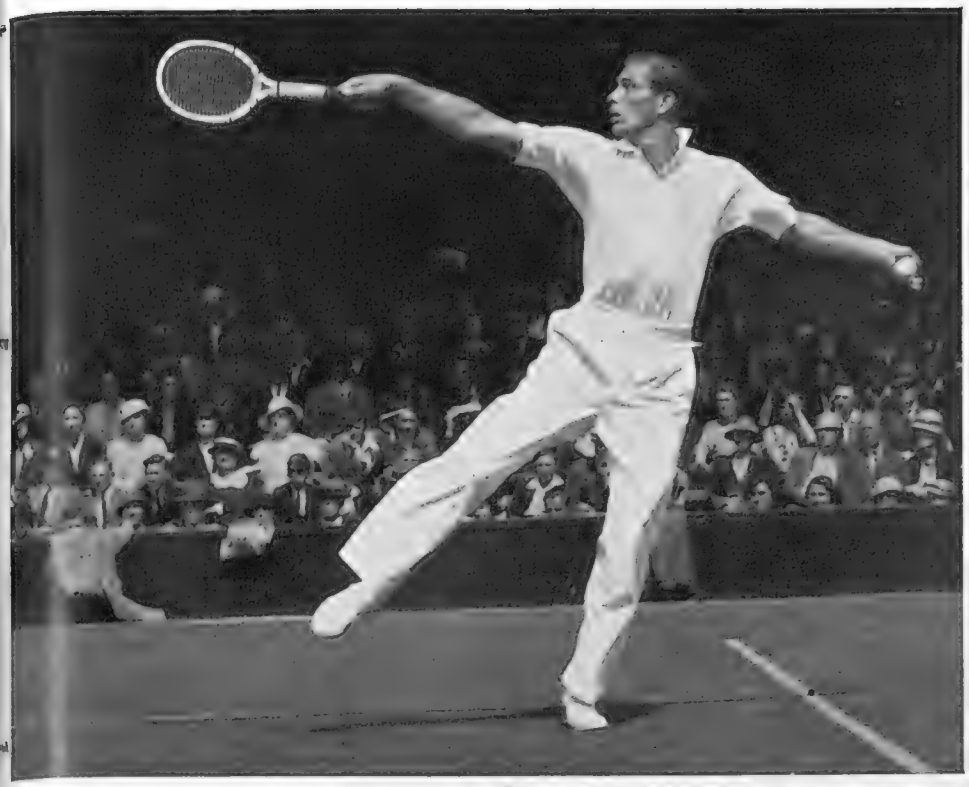
HIT THROUGH THE ROPES: Max Baer punching Carnera in a corner of the ring just after the start of the first round. The fight was staged at Long Island Bowl, New York



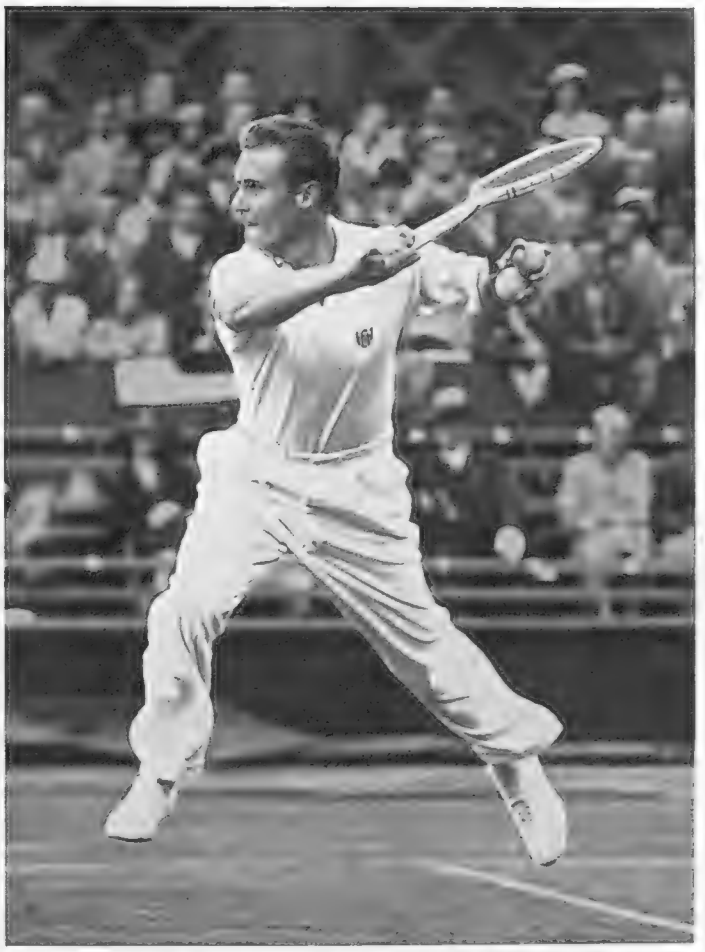
A LEFT JAB: Having been floored several times, Carnera returns to the attack. Throughout the fight Baer behaved in a most arrogant and contemptuous manner, laughing at Carnera and attempting to make him look ridiculous



NOT WRESTLING: A vicious hook to the jaw sends opponent at the same time overbalancing and fall early rounds, but Carnera later made a great but Italian was knocked down ten times before the eleventh round



ATTACK v. DEFENCE: F. X. Shields, whose hurricane volleying was in marked contrast to the defensive play of D. Prenn. The former won



THE GIANT FROM OVER THE WATER: 6 ft. 3 in. Lester Stoefen, one of the favourites for the championship, who accounted for P. Grandguillot in three sets, the last of which went to twenty games

WILL HE DO IT AGAIN? J. H. Crawford, last year's Wimbledon champion, in play against I. Tloczynski, who although losing in straight sets put up a good fight

GERALD PATTERSON: A famous Australian player of the last decade talking to a friend at Wimbledon. His overhead shots were almost untakeable. He was champion in 1919 and 1922

PERSONALITIES AT WIMBLEDON: Lord Lonsdale chatting with Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold. Also in the group are Miss Sarah Palfrey (U.S.A.) and Miss M. C. Scriven, the English holder of the French women's singles title

Carnera to the canvas, his ing over him. Baer won the short-lived recovery. The fight was stopped in the

DOWN AGAIN: Max Baer being cautioned by the referee not to attack before his opponent had regained his feet. Baer played to the gallery the whole time, and once deliberately invited Carnera to hit him, evaded the punch, and then put out his tongue

THE END: The referee stops the bout in the eleventh round and pronounces Baer to be the victor. Over 50,000 people were present, and the fight was one of the greatest financial successes of recent years

HOW PRIMO CARNERA LOST HIS CROWN

THRILLS AT THE INTERNAT

The Reckless Gusto of the Moon War Veterans, and the Horse

AS A MAMELUKE WARRIOR: Lieutenant Mohamed Hilmy, second in command of the Egyptian Mounted Police who give a superb display at the Show. They are divided into four sections and dressed to represent Pharaoh's Bodyguard (50 B.C.), soldiers of the Mameluke period (14th century), the Mohammed Aly Cavalry of the 18th century, and the Irregular Bedouin Cavalry of the 19th century

THE EMIR ABDULLAH, the Ruler of Transjordan, who is visiting this country as the guest of the Government, with the Egyptian Mounted Police whom he inspected at Olympia last week

A CLEAN ROUND: 14-year-old Donald Beard, who gave a magnificent exhibition of jumping on the second day of the show

PRELUDE TO THE MOONLIGHT STEEPLECHASE: The scene in the boasting of the relative merits of their mounts, the discussion ending back their chairs, call for their horses, and then in full cry "shout for leather over four miles of country. The actual race, as

RAGTIME AND SALLY: Two war veterans who are parading at Olympia. Ragtime (aged 25) came unscathed through countless actions in Mesopotamia and later an iron constitution helped him to survive the privations of the Arab rebellion. He has played polo and hunted, and is the possessor of five medals. Sally (aged 25) was present at the retreat from Mons and at the battle of the Marne, and was wounded by shrapnel on the Somme

IT HAS come back to us again—with the chirpy jingle of bit and curb chain, the soft, sighing, satisfying squelch of saddle leather, the thud of hoofs scattering tan, the staccato rattle of splinter bars and, above all, the sweet melody of coach horns. Yes, the International Horse Show has come back to its old home at Olympia.

How we missed it when it wasn't there last year. The public hadn't "given it support." But, perhaps, that was not wholly the public's fault. In this mechanical age it isn't everyone who wants to sit on a cornbin and "talk horse" all day. The horse has a technique all its own, and there is no doubt that in times past the Show was too technical. The contests dragged and there was too much "hanging about" with the judging. All the public really wanted was to cut the cackle and get down to the horses. But this grand epic opera of the horse couldn't be allowed to die out like that. So it was lucky that there was a certain cocktail party at Claridge's. A party at which Brigadier-General T. H. S. Marchant, secretary of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, expressed vigorous and breezy views which were supported largely—and not merely largely but with largesse—by the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Dalkeith, and others.

It was realized at last that the International Horse Show couldn't be run merely on specialized lines. If the Show was to pay, the public must pay; and to ensure that they did that they must be given a run for their money. That, no doubt, upset some of the aristocracy of the horse.

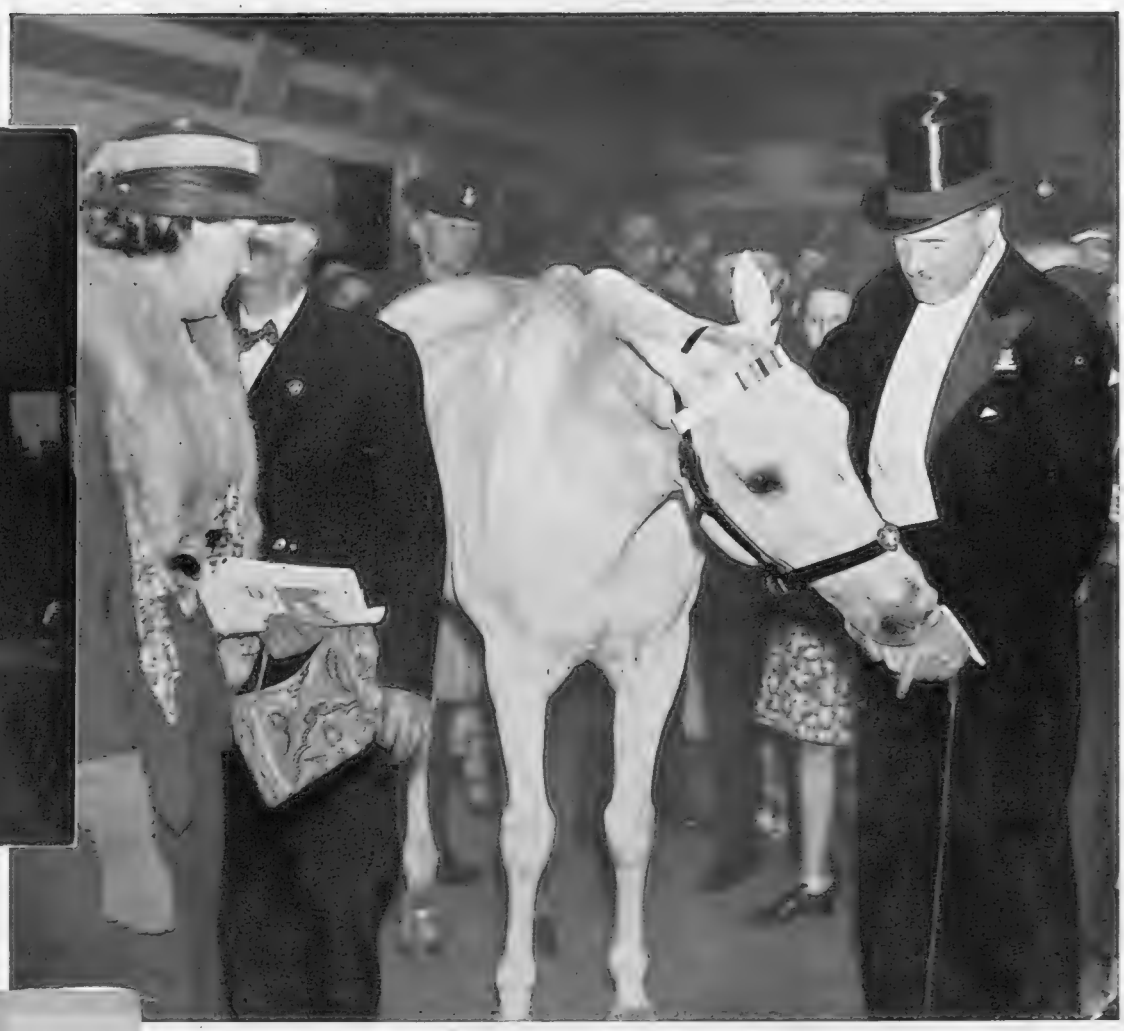
So the International Horse Show, urged on by the Horse and Pony Club, so to speak, took that good horse Try Again short by the head, let in the Latchfords, and topped the Becher's Brook of exclusiveness which barred the way to victory in the Popularity Stakes.

Yes, it is a great show, but for the moment we will drop the standard events such as the Harness Class, Novice Hacks, Ladies' Hacks, and so on, and consider the more spectacular events, events which the public evidently want, for these items have done much to fill the house. Take the children of the Meynell Hunt, all dressed in the costumes of a hundred years ago, who with hounds and hunt servants, meet at the Bull and

IONAL HORSE SHOW

light Steeplechase, the Parade of the manship of the Egyptian Mounted Police

gunners' mess at Ipswich in 1831. The officers are in a challenge to a steeplechase by moonlight. They push ing and whooping like devil-rid maniacs," they gallop hell run at Olympia, provides thrilling entertainment



LIEUT.-COLONEL PERCY LAURIE, chief of the mounted branch of the Metropolitan Police, with Quicksilver. This veteran, who was wounded on the Somme, has an amazing post-War record, having carried his owner on countless ceremonial parades in London since 1919. He was at the funeral of the Unknown Warrior in 1920 and at the Princess Royal's wedding in 1922

STARLIGHT: She sailed to France with the British Expeditionary Force in 1914, in 1915 was at Ypres, in 1916 on the Somme, in 1917 at Cambrai, and in 1918 took part in the general advance which broke through the Hindenburg Line. Since demobilisation Starlight, who is now twenty-nine years old, has attended almost every annual training of the Leicestershire Yeomanry. She is one of the oldest of the veteran war horses at Olympia

SIR WILLIAM SAVORY (centre), steward of the war veteran section at Olympia, with Warrior, who is taking part in the parade. Warrior was ridden by Captain F. Guest at the battle of Le Cateau, and by Sir John French at Ypres. He was slightly wounded on several occasions and at Amiens was buried beneath a house wrecked by shell-fire. He scrambled out unaided. In spite of his age he still follows the hounds

Spectacle, an inn famous in the Meynell country in 1833. Or the children of the Cotswold Hunt—a jolly family party with uncles and aunts attached, who ride like demons or jump blazing barriers or through hoops. As a contrast to this dashing jauntiness, there is the majestic display by the Egyptian Mounted Police. They are the equivalent in Cairo of the mounted branch of the Metropolitan Police, never smarter than under Colonel Laurie. They have come to London by the special permission of King Fuad, under the command of Colonel El Sayed Bey Hilmy and his handsome second in command, Lieutenant Mohamed Hilmy—same name but no relative. In the arena they form four sections—as Pharaoh's Bodyguard, about 50 B.C.; the Mameluke period, about A.D. 1350; the Mohammed Aly Cavalry of the eighteenth century; and as Irregular Bedouin Cavalry of the Mohammed Aly period from 1805 to 1849. And with what stately majesty they sit their Arab horses, moving to sharp Arabic words of command such as motadan (walk); mudaaphan (trot); or kiff (halt). And can they ride? Watch them whip the pegs out of the ground with their lances.

If you want a real thrill, there is the Moonlight Steeplechase. Everyone knows the story of Major Hansum's challenge with his grey and the wild 'chase by moonlight, the officers with nightshirts over their regimentals. A mad escapade; and here it is as wild as ever it was and over a nasty course. Every night, too, that race is ridden with reckless gusto—a genuine race in which each night each man backs his own mount. It is one of those things which, as they say, has to be seen to be believed.

W. H. W.

HE SAW IT THROUGH: Major F. C. G. Naumann's Brutus (aged 27) is also taking part. He carried his owner at the Battle of Loos in 1915, served in Italy in 1917, and was wounded during a night advance in the last week of the War

THE YOUNG ENTRY SHOW THEIR PACES: Children of the Cotswold Hunt, all under fifteen years of age, who give a dashing jumping display. They are expert at leaping over chairs and tables and galloping through hoops

TAKING PARIS BY STORM: British bands are extremely popular in the French capital and the Irish Guards received a great ovation when they took part in the Military Band Festival last week. They are seen here passing the Arc de Triomphe

BATHING WEAR—1934 STYLE: This lady received first prize for her costume at the Artists' Gala held a few days ago at the Molitor Swimming Baths in Paris

FINALISTS IN THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT NORTH BERWICK: Miss Nan Baird (right), who beat Miss Jessie Anderson at the last hole. The game was played in a driving wind

A LITERARY OCCASION: Miss E. M. Delafield (extreme left) who spoke on "A Writer's Job" at the eighth of the series of literary talks held by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son at 254, Earls Court Road. Also in this group are Mr. Sydney Hunt (organizer), Mr. R. H. Beaton, Sir Charles and Lady Petrie, and the Hon. David Smith

FASCISM in FRANCE?

Semi-Militaristic Organizations which are Daily Gaining in Political Importance—Shirts of Various Hues Already in Evidence

I RECENTLY had the opportunity of discussing the immediate future of France with two members of the Cabinet, generally regarded as among the brightest hopes in French politics. It would be unfair to give their names.

To Monsieur Y. I said: "What will happen when Doumergue retires? Are you going back to the kaleidoscopically changing groups in the Chamber which have hitherto prevented you from balancing your budget and enjoying a stable Government which has time to reflect over, work out, and apply its solutions to the country's problems? Did not France show on February 6 that it would stand that no longer?"

To which he replied: "But yes, we shall go back to precisely that. The Frenchman will not stand an 'authoritarian' Government such as those of Poincaré and Doumergue for long, but every ten years or so, when the country is in a mess, he likes to send for a trusted elder statesman to have an overhaul."

"You do not think that the Frenchman will turn in despair to Fascism to put an end to Parliamentary chaos?"

"No, he is an individualist. He would never stand Fascism."

To Monsieur X. I said: "Thanks to one of the highest tariff walls in Europe, the gates through which are rendered still narrower by your quota system for so many foreign imports, thanks to greater taxation per head than any other Continental Power, thanks to your ever-increasing Government expenditure, French costs of production have decreased French exports by 70 per cent. since 1926. Your internal price level is 30 per cent. above the world level. Are you going to devaluate the franc as we have sterling, or reduce tariffs?" Somewhat to my surprise he did not contest my argument.

"No," he said, "France has already devalued her currency once. We are a happy country, less affected by the world crisis than any other. We must wait for world prices to rise to our internal level when we shall be able to export again. We must be prepared to increase the height of our tariff walls if world prices fall. We must pay for our relative happiness by a fall in our standard of living if necessary. Moreover," he added, "I do not think that the Government's present campaign to reduce prices can effect very much."

IF THESE TWO POLITICIANS are representative of what is being thought in French governing circles then, in my judgment, there seems small hope for the future of Democracy in France. Consider. It needed the bloody scenes of the "Concorde Gun Battle" of February 6 this year before the politicians could be brought to realize that the country was sick to death of the high cost of living, brought about by a series of ninepin Governments which could not balance the budget even with the aid of taxation officially admitted to have reached the exhaustion point of diminishing returns. Only because of the real threat of social disorder was a national Government of all parties formed. Yet here they are talking of going back to the old party muddle, as if the Chamber had never been in danger from the mob a few brief weeks ago. It is at least arguable that this complete lack of touch with the trend of the country's thought, this belief, at once blithe and cynical, that whatever has been will continue to be, on the part of the politicians has been one of the strongest factors contributing to their periodic forcible kicking out in the past, as it seems likely to be now.

For the last year increasing effervescence throughout the entire country, culminating in Paris on February 6, has shown that the French public is *not* willing to put up with increasing taxation, increasing bankruptcies (which last year touched a record peak), loss of foreign markets, and a cost of living four times that of pre-War, as compared with round about pre-War in the rest of the world. As to the "relative happiness"—well, it is easy to show from French sources that France is in the depths of economic depression and that she is not sharing in the slight but perceptible economic recovery recorded in Britain, the United States, and Central Europe. The world is at present readjusting itself to a totally new set of economic conditions and France is lagging sadly behind in the unpleasant but necessary work of readjustment.

The French worm spent 1933 in getting ready to turn. On February 6 he gave half a turn. Since Doumergue has been in power, the politicians have been given a breathing space for reflection. They are being closely watched by the country at large and still more closely by over 2,000,000 Frenchmen organized into quasi-military formations, who have proclaimed their impatience with continued muddle. Everyone, save apparently the politicians, is aware of the political significance of these groups. They comprise:

Action Française. — Nationalist, Royalist. 60,000 throughout France.

Jeunesses Patriotes. — Nationalist, patriotic youth movement. 90,000. Organized on military lines. A drilled, disciplined, armed force. At a moment's notice they can put 2,000 men on the streets of Paris. They have, moreover, 30 mobile squadrons of 50 men each which form "shock troops."

Solidarité Française — Nationalist. 180,000, of whom 80,000 are in or around Paris. They wear a sky blue shirt and trousers.

THEN THERE ARE two Ex-Soldiers Federations which between them number some 2,000,000 organized men. The ex-soldiers have in recent weeks taken an ever-increasing interest in politics, even to the extent of drawing up their own political and economic programme for the country. So powerful have they become that when Doumergue formed his Cabinet he found it prudent to recognize their claims by taking one of their officials, M. Rivollet, into the Cabinet. This extra-constitutional recognition of a sectional interest simply because it is physically powerful may yet prove to be the spanner with which the lid of the Democratic French tin is to be ripped off.

The Taxpayers Federation is not organized on military lines but numbers 800,000, and has been responsible for numerous demonstrations throughout France which have ended in riots. On occasions when disciplined troops have been demonstrating, the Taxpayers Federation has instructed its members to join the ranks of whichever of these groups they may think fit.

Croix de Feu.—Originally formed as an ex-soldiers association, now enrolls their sons, nephews, and cousins as well. It is much the most formidable of all the nationalist groups, and is led by the enigmatic Colonel de la Rocque. Numbers 165,000 well-disciplined troops organized into "shock" and "defence" squadrons. Always has 1,500 "ready" men who can be called into action.

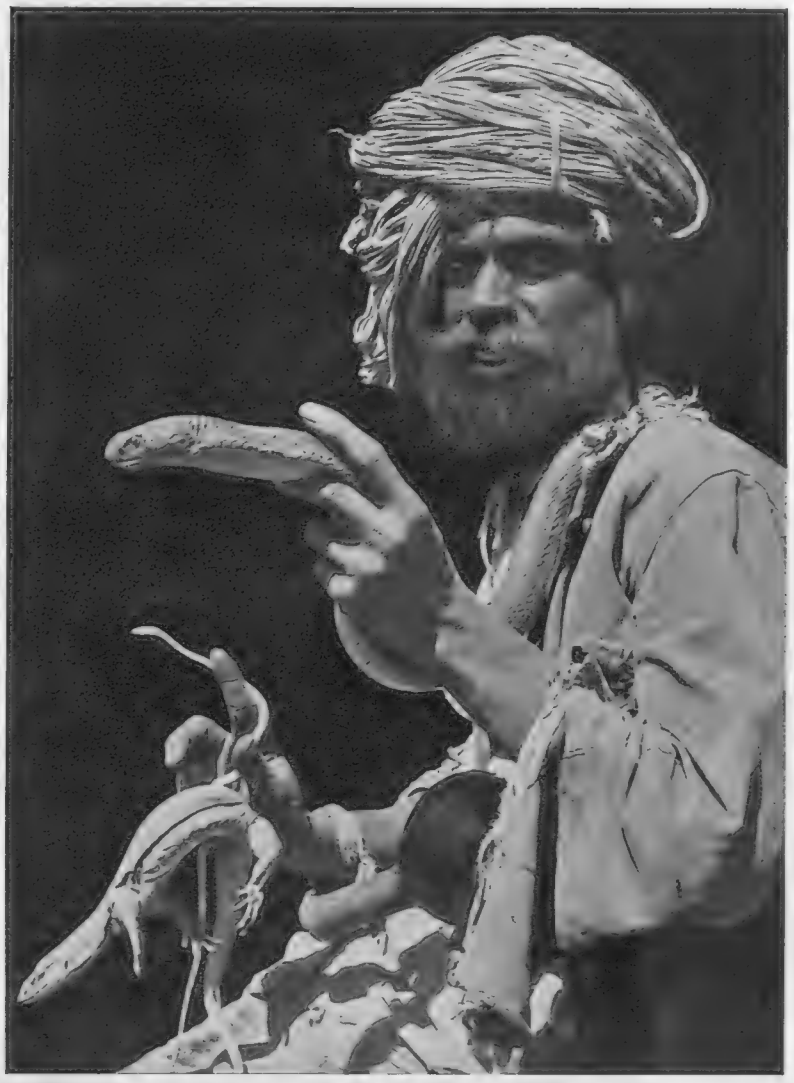
Its aims are definitely political but difficult to discover precisely, for Colonel de la Rocque is much too clever to tie himself to a programme which the march of events might render out of date overnight. He prefers to announce that his men are available for the defence of the State whenever they may be called upon. *From* what or *for* what remains to be seen. The colonel is an extremely able and cautious leader of men whose name, if I read the situation aright, is likely to be increasingly heard throughout Europe. In France it is already a household word, which invariably inspires the question: "What will he decide to do?"

Jossleyn Hennessy

The INDIA of TO-DAY

Studies by Lieut.-Col. F. D. S. Fayrer which were Shown at the Royal Photographic Society's Indian Exhibition

A NOMAD: A woman from Persia sitting in the street of the merchants in Udaipur City. She comes of a wandering tribe which goes about India selling various kinds of merchandise



THE SNAKE CHARMER: He is also a wanderer and travels through the country giving performances

Left—ABORIGINES: These men, who are descendants of people who inhabited India nearly 4,000 years ago, are demonstrating the various ways in which they can use the bow and arrow. They cover their mouths with part of their turbans in order to keep out the dust

A TEMPLE IN THE GANGUR GHAT, RAJPUTANA: The mahouts bring their elephants down to drink in the lake, while the women draw water which they carry to the bazaars in brass vessels. This part of the lake is sacred, as one of the fish in it is believed to contain the soul of a maharana

CLIMBING TO THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Exploring the Eastern Extremity of the Himalayas—The Lake of Shugden Gompa — an Unknown River in the Heart of Tibet

By F. KINGDON-WARD

13,000 FT. ABOVE THE SEA: The fjord-like lake of Shugden Gompa

In "The Sphere" of June 9 details were given of the discovery by Mr. F. Kingdon-Ward of a 22,000 ft. peak beyond what was previously regarded as the Eastern extremity of the Himalayas. In the following article this noted explorer gives us an impression of his journey to the lake of Shugden Gompa and to a river which no white man had ever before seen.

WE PACKED up the camp, and I set my foot on the last rung of the ladder which leads to the roof of the world.

Two hours climbing, and I stood on the Ata Kang pass, surrounded by unknown snow peaks and glaciers, 16,000 ft. above sea level. An easy descent down a smooth glacier, and I found myself in a new world. We were still at a height of 15,000 ft., but there was no snow here. There was no forest either. Lakes nestled at the foot of rocky mountains. There were terraces and mounds of gravel, carpeted with gay flowers which shivered in the wind. Rags of cloud, torn from the canopy over the snow range, sailed northwards in a blue sky. Far down the valley the sun caught a pile of white buildings which overlooked a long, narrow fjord-like lake. It was Shugden Gompa.

Strange men, dressed in skins, came out from little stone houses, half underground, and welcomed me. Their faces were black with smoke and cold. Next day we reached Shugden Gompa, in a more fertile district. Green fields edged the lake and thousands of zo, sheep, and goats grazed by the river. There were many farmhouses dotted about in the flat valley; but the monastery and the square fort where I was to live for the next three months were perched on a razor-backed hill, 500 ft. above the lake.

THE YOUNG ABBOT: He is head of the monastery at Zayul which was visited by the author during his journey to the Lake of Shugden Gompa

Now I was in a new and untroubled world. To north, east, and west, the unexplored mountains were unrolled before me. I had climbed a sacred mountain, 2,000 ft. above the huddled monastery, and sat myself down in the frisky air. Blue poppies fluttered amongst the rocks; a rose-pink primula enthroned in fragrance caught my attention. What a rock garden, hewn from the living rock, was this! Whither should I go first? Westwards and northwards rose the great barrier I had just crossed. But eastwards, behind a range bristling with sharp peaks, flowed the mysterious Salween river. I would go to the Salween. Next day we started out from the *dzong*, with zo and pony transport, marching northwards. Crossing a high pass, I saw a cluster of snowy spires away to the west: so the Sino-Himalayan range continued all right—it was no idle dream.

We now found ourselves in a typical glaciated alpine plateau valley, and towards evening halted at a monastery which had much more the appearance of a fort.

A TIBETAN CUSTOM: Each traveller cuts a bamboo in the forest, fastens a prayer flag to it, and plants it in a cairn at the top of the pass which he has been ascending

We were back in the Middle Ages. I almost looked to see jerkin-clad sentries posted on the battlements, or a troop of knights riding up to the high raking walls. Almost I seemed to hear the hiss of arrows from the lean wooden windows, and the clash of steel on steel. The Crusaders' general staff might have tethered their palfreys in just such a courtyard. However, except for a row of rather seedy-looking monks squatting beneath a wall, telling their beads, the monastery was deserted, and so was the *dzong* hard by, where I slept.

For three days we marched down the long valley, through villages, past monasteries and forts not marked on any map. The valley became more and more thickly populated, and the Kampas, anxious to catch their first view of a white man, crowded round me. But they were always friendly. On the sixth day the scenery changed. The valley became a gorge, the river burrowed into the bowels of the mountain, the path climbed the stark cliff to dizzy heights, and then I discovered the river. It is pleasing to discover a brand new river. On the virginal whiteness of the blank map you can now insert a wriggly blue line, with villages below and glaciers above, to represent a river fifty miles long, which no one except, of course, a Tibetan, ever even suspected. It is highly satisfactory. Unknown villages, and monasteries and *dzongs*, even lakes and mountains are *vieux jeu*—I had found plenty of them. But a whole river . . . !

FACING THE MYSTERIOUS CAMERA: A girl of Shugden Gompa

It joined the river we had been following and threw my route out of gear by getting in the way. For it too crashed through a gorge and we had to cross it somehow. On the seventh day we climbed and climbed and climbed till we were again nearly 15,000 ft. above sea level. Suddenly we reached the top, the real plateau level before these furious rivers had scored its young face with deep scars—when wider rivers of ice were ploughing the first shallow furrows. Right across the horizon behind us stretched the great Sino-Himalayan range we had crossed, and in front, 5,000 ft. below, the grey

(Continued on a later page)

Right—THE ONLY WAY: Climbing a precipitous slope in the Eastern Himalayas by means of notched tree trunks

FAR OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN SOUTH-WEST CHINA: A roofed-in timber bridge over the Upper Shweli River in Yunnan. Through this Province, which adjoins Burma, run three of the great rivers of Asia, the Yangtse-Kiang, the Mekong, and the Salween

WHERE BURMA TOUCHES CHINA

Picturesque Bridges of the Little-known Province of Yunnan

A TWO-ARCHED BRIDGE IN WESTERN YUNNAN: The pier is prow shaped in order to assist the structure to withstand the rushing torrent which the river becomes during the summer rains

A STONE BRIDGE LEADING TO THE VILLAGE OF HO-SHUN: In front of the temple on the right is a "spirit wall" which is supposed to prevent the demons from entering the building

A MAN OF MANY MILLIONS: Señor Juan March (left), newspaper proprietor, shipping magnate, and tobacco king. His escape from a Spanish prison, where he was incarcerated for eighteen months without a trial, was one of the sensations of last year

MR. MARCH OF MAJORCA

A Millionaire with a Romantic Past—His Influence in Spanish Politics

By FERDINAND TUOHY

PALMA.

EUROPE'S attenuated list of "mystery men," so long headed by the Balkan cripple, Zaharoff, must henceforward carry a notable addition in the person of Señor Juan March, uncrowned king of this island, if ever there was such a non-coronated one, and off-stage animator of the Fascist movement of young Don Gil Robles on the Spanish mainland.

The Royal Navy knows March, since he had a contract during the War for supplying our submarine base at Gibraltar with provisions, but it is more than doubtful if anybody else in England knows much about him; at least I didn't until I came here. In Palma, it is difficult not to listen to lore of Majorca's favourite son—heretofore the Balearic's most illustrious one was Ramon Lull, "friend of kings, poet, scientist, author, traveller, missionary and martyr," but the way things are going it looks as if Ramon will soon be supplanted by a highly post-War character, almost Chicagoan in his bossing-by-money-power and in the interesting sources of his wealth.

Of One Thing I am Sure, the devout and ascetic scholar born here 699 years ago never on his periodic return from pioneer travels received such a Mallorquin welcome as this spring awaited Spain's richest man upon his homecoming, via "Gib." and Paris, from the fortress prison near Madrid of Alcalá de Hinares. The fact that March had taken the friendly official of the prison with him in his escape added to the zest of the local celebrations, for the Mallorquins are islanders first and foremost, and it tickled them immensely to see the Republican Government "over on the Continent" hoodwinked—and by their favourite-son!

Just now the Señor is resting in seclusion in this beflowered isle—I don't know just where, for he has four places locally, including a vast and deserted, moth-eaten mansion overlooking the wild, rocky, and remote bay of Cala Rajada. This I visited in the hope of finding him, but one look at the grass-grown tennis courts was sufficient; nor was I to have any greater luck in calling on one or two branches of the March Bank which dominates the island's finances, private and public. Yet if the Señor rested in the wings, his manifold enterprises marched on as also did his political wire-pulling which is having ever deeper effect in the governing of Spain. Petrol, shipping, newspapers, finance, tobacco, arms, land, trade, and commerce—March is "in" them all—and, if half of what is related of him be true, in other and more occult "lines" besides. He is also in the Cortes, though he hasn't visited this exemplar yet for personal reasons. Still, all this is to hasten somewhat. Let us go back a little, it's worth it; one or two aspects being of special interest to ourselves.

Sir Basil Zaharoff is reputed to have begun as a boy in Bulgaria with his shirt protruding through the back of his little pants. There is similar lore in regard to little Juan. "Fifty years ago," I read somewhere recently, "March ran barefoot about the streets of Valencia, picking up cigarette ends. He pulled them to pieces, re-rolled the tobacco, and made new cigarettes which he sold at cut rates." Only two flaws are to be found in this: little Juan did his barefoot running, if any, in the odoriferous *calles* of his native Palma, and he couldn't have been far out of the toddling stage in 1884.

What happened before 1914 was really very little indeed. Of lowly origin (he only learnt to read and write after the War), March devoted his ten or twelve active pre-War years to modest tobacco factories in Valencia and Seville. He was a nobody. But, as in the case of so many other neutral Spaniards, that was to end with the War.

The Alert Young Manufacturer pounced on the uniquely favoured situation of his native Balearics in the conflict. Favoured for a diversity of reasons in regard to more than one of which he saw himself supplying an urgent demand. Is it necessary to recall here the rôle played by this island group? Supply ships with food and raw material for the Allies were sunk throughout in Majorcan waters; U-boats crept by night into the many secluded bays and coves, there to be refuelled and revictualled and to allow many an exhausted and hard-pressed crew to breathe in God's pure air; because of these shipping and submarine activities, coupled with frequent appearances on the horizon of French, Japanese, and British warships, espionage on behalf of both belligerent groups became implanted locally. Palma, in short, was a regular place whence to carry on business and affairs and grow rich in those uncontrolled years of spending without limit. How far did March avail himself of the occasion? We know he had that Gibraltar contract, and in connection with it and parallel maritime activities it is recorded that many vessels and their cargoes, heavily insured, were sunk. You will hear all kinds of stories, told by Mallorquins, of "sinking appointments" at sea, some of which appointments would not be kept, much to the ire of owners or charterers, though whether any of these tales relate even remotely to March I am in no position whatever to say. Indeed I make no such suggestion. You will also hear from boastful and talkative admirers of the great man that he managed to sell information about German submarines to the Allies, that, in fact, he managed to play one side against the other for a long time to his great profit. Again, I give this here strictly in the form of an oft-cited allegation. It is a different matter when we get to petrol. March did somehow manage to stock vast quantities on Majorca and he controls the supply to this day—many times did I walk past one depot of his huge circular tanks on my way to bathe at Cala Mayor.

Whatever the extent of the March ramifications in wartime, he emerged from 1914–18 a quite rich man.

Nor could he have failed to absorb, while in Majorca, details of the astonishing smuggling in tobacco (he, a tobacco man) carried on between North Africa—the island—Spain, 100 miles away. The Spanish Government holds a tobacco monopoly that should be one of its principal budgetary props. Alas, as with similar tobacco monopolies elsewhere, the cigarettes, cigars, and smoking mixtures offered are not only inordinately dear through taxation, but poor-to-foul into the bargain. So that clandestine marketing of tobacco throughout Spain has become a national industry. Much of the weed is brought under cover from North Africa and the Levant, and thanks to wholesale and systematized greasing of official palms, it can be sold at half State prices. You can sometimes ask openly for *contrabando* in the shops. To-day factories in Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, Turkey, Greece, and Egypt, feed the Spanish bootleg trade via fishing smacks surreptitiously making the Majorcan bays and coves.

Remote Cala Rajada is a famous district for landing consignments. Here, on landing nights, it is said to be difficult for the *tabacoleros* or government agents to keep out of the way of the smugglers while these load up trucks and lorries for Palma. If sometimes a raid is ordered to maintain appearances, 10 to 1 a far larger consignment will be concurrently run through elsewhere. Madrid is still trying to abate things. Small use! Bribery is your Spanish, and particularly your Mallorquin, official's second name; and how they are bribed! The position only grows less comical when we broach a quite recent development. That a vast cellar-depot of smuggled tobacco exists in Palma has long been common property. Report has it that over a million pesetas' worth is permanently kept on hand. Now there is grave suspicion that in amidst this unchecked merchandise lie increasing quantities of drugs emanating from the Near East, and that this dope is already finding its way across to France and farther afield.

But all this is rather to lose hold of Señor March. Our picturesque subject is to-day worth all of £10,000,000 and he seems to be the reverse of hit by the depression. He has also just emerged from a dark period into the sunlight once more. He had been friendly with Primo and with King Alfonso in the last years of the dictatorship and of the regime. These relations arose when Primo, hoping to check the tobacco drain on the exchequer, offered the efficient March part of the Moroccan tobacco monopoly supplying the government factories, a gesture which March accepted though whether this lassooing of him into a semi-official post had the effect sought after by the Dictator is more than doubtful. What it did do was to lead, indirectly, to perhaps the most colourful episode in March's career.

On critics and enemies alleging that March was selling arms to the Arab tribesmen in revolt in the Spanish zone, measures were set afoot against the tobacco king. But March managed to motor over the Andorran frontier in the nick of time, garbed as a monk. He stayed in exile—chiefly France—for a considerable period; in fact it was only in the wake of lavish gifts to charities favoured by the King, and by repeated protestation of patriotism and promises to be more amenable, that the millionaire was eventually allowed back. Which was lucky for him, because it was in the boom years that directly followed, 1927–30, that the March fortune really soared. Now in thoroughly good odour, he launched his ubiquitous bank, he bought famous newspapers, he built the splendid new Barcelona–Palma Steamship Line, he launched out into "real estate," while all the time he maintained old activities.

With the Accession to Power of Manuel Azaña in the second year of the republic events took a bad turn for the romantic Mallorquin who had once collected those cigarette ends (perhaps). I have heard tell that in April, 1931, March offered King Alfonso 1,000,000 pesetas wherewith to fight it out. As we know, his Majesty definitely shrank from civil war. Whatever the truth in this, the Socialists were out after March's body from the word "go," so much so that the millionaire had to have himself elected to the Cortes in order to secure parliamentary immunity from arrest. (This was easy as winking, the election business, with Palma constituents.) But Azaña persevered, and one day got March's immunity raised on charges of illicit business methods, and immediately March was thrown into goal where he was to linger eighteen months. He could easily have bribed his way out earlier, but wanted to be vindicated.

His performance in prison was really a remarkable one. Only in Spain could you do it. From

(Continued on p. 530)

THE KINDLY WARDER: Señor Vargas (right) who released Señor Juan March from the prison at Alcalá de Hinares, near Madrid, and accompanied him on his flight to Gibraltar. On arrival both men were fêted by the Spanish residents

EVENTS ABROAD

THE COWES OF GERMANY: A view from the cruiser *Karlsruhe* of some of the 530 yachts, representing fourteen nations, which took part in the great regatta at Kiel last week. Tremendous efforts were made by the Nazi authorities to revive the pre-War glories of the event and to encourage yacht owners from other countries to compete, as it was considered that friendly contact between foreigners and Germans would do much to gain sympathy for the National Socialist cause. An English victory was gained on the opening day when Mr. F. G. Mitchell won the first heat of the 12 square metre "Sharpie" class races

A RAILROAD TRAGEDY IN AMERICA: The engine-driver, the fireman, and one woman passenger, were killed when this train plunged down a 30 ft. embankment into a river near Baltimore, Maryland. *Right*—Miss Helene Tsang, the first woman aviator in China, who has been sent by the Chinese Government to give a series of demonstration flights at the Century of Progress Exhibition in Chicago. Her father is Governor of the Province of Chekiang

AN HISTORIC MEETING: Herr Hitler, the German Chancellor, arriving at the Grand Hotel, Venice, on the morning of his meeting with Signor Mussolini. The two dictators had several discussions which had as their objective the clarification of the European situation. It was definitely agreed that in future there would be no interference with the independence of Austria

LOOK YOUR LAST ON WAT

Special "Sphere" Pictures Taken just before the Work

OBITUARY: In accordance with the decision taken by the London County Council Highways Committee, the demolition of Waterloo Bridge began on Wednesday, June 20, when the footway was closed and Mr. Herbert Morrison had the satisfaction of formally striking the first blow. Two days later barriers were erected at either end of the bridge and all traffic was diverted

O

On left—DIGNITY AND SIMPLICITY: A close-up view of the Doric capitals and entablature between the arches which were built after the design of the temple of Segesta in Sicily. On this bridge Rennie employed granite stone to an extent never before known

ILLUSTRATING THE FINE SWEEP OF THE ELLIPTICAL STONE ARCHES which were put together with such amazing precision. In the time of Rennie these were considered to be of unusual width, though this was greatly surpassed by the same engineer in his design for London Bridge. Deep shadows in the stonework alternate with highlights in true classic fashion

A GENERAL VIEW
structure
modern

TERLOO BRIDGE

of Demolition Began

A DECORATIVE PANEL surmounting the cope of one of the arches. The granite for the building of the massive balustrades was brought ready-worked from Aberdeen. The rest of the stone required for the bridge was hewn in some fields adjacent to the Surrey approach

OF THE OLD BRIDGE: This picture reveals how well Rennie's harmonizes with the architecture of Somerset House. In comparison Brettenham House on the extreme left looks decidedly out of place

THE FINAL CLOSING OF THE BRIDGE: The scene on the morning of June 22 when all northbound traffic was diverted by way of Blackfriars and Westminster bridges. Southbound traffic still continues to use the temporary structure, but some of the bus services have been curtailed

GOOD-BYE TO WATERLOO BRIDGE

The L.C.C. Has its Way but Fails to Convince Parliament or the People of the Necessity for Destroying Rennie's Masterpiece

By the Courtesy of Messrs. I. Rimell and Sons, St. James's

BEFORE EVER THE BRIDGE WAS: A view of Somerset House with its water gate and river colonnade. The plate from which this illustration was made was engraved and published in 1805, over ten years before the opening of Waterloo Bridge by the Prince Regent

UTILITY WITHOUT BEAUTY: This telescopic view shows six bridges which have been erected across the Thames since the time of Rennie. Æsthetically they have little to commend them, and they raise a doubt whether there exists to-day a genius capable of creating a masterpiece which would be a worthy successor to Waterloo Bridge

SO LONDON is to have a new Waterloo Bridge.

The L.C.C., in asking for a grant from Parliament of 60 per cent. towards the cost of building a new bridge, were arguing that a new bridge to carry six lines of traffic was a matter of national importance, to which the nation as a whole should contribute. Parliament, in refusing the grant and voting in favour of the repair and widening of the existing bridge so that it could carry four lines of traffic, expressed the view that a new bridge was undesirable and an unnecessary expenditure to which the nation would give no assistance. So the L.C.C. have taken the bit between their teeth and have decided that London wants a new bridge and London must pay for it. Certainly London elected the new Council, but at the time the citizens were under the delusion that the Waterloo Bridge question was settled and that Rennie's bridge would shortly be repaired. The citizens of London who are now going to put their hands in their pockets and pull out the money for the bridge which the Labour Council wants, have had scant say in the matter. But the L.C.C. is a bold body and demands that the citizens pay higher rates, not for clearing the slums, but for a darling new bridge which the nation, as represented by Parliament, has declared to be an unwarranted extravagance.

The principal argument put forward as to why Rennie's bridge must be pulled down is that the Port of London declare the present arches to be dangerous to navigation. The question that really arises is, is the Thames to be treated as a deep sea harbour throughout its tidal length, regardless of the fact that it runs through the greatest city in the world, and that that city may have other claims on it. This treatment of the Thames as a deep sea harbour so high up is, in the history of London, a comparatively new venture. For centuries old London Bridge blocked the river to all large deep sea craft. In 1832 this famous bridge, seven centuries old, was pulled down.

Very recently Battersea Power Station was built, and it is now considered necessary for ships of 2,000 tons and over to go up to Chelsea and Wandsworth. It is not difficult to understand that these big steamers find Waterloo Bridge, and indeed all the other arched bridges over the Thames tiresome obstructions. This argument can and may be applied to every bridge in turn, until we are allowed nothing but suspension or vertical lift bridges.

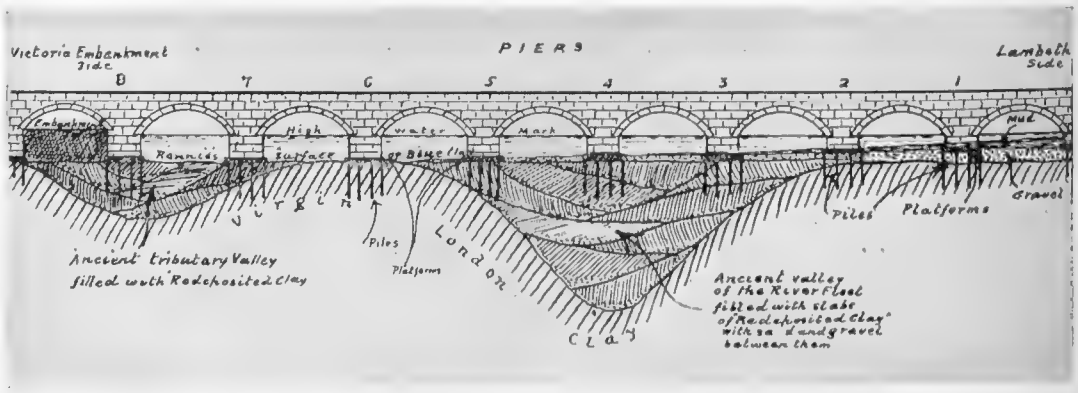
The new bridge at Waterloo is to have only five arches over the river instead of seven. But the advantage of the greater width of arch thus obtained will be considerably negatived by the fact that the six lines of road traffic will give a much greater tunnel length to the arch, and this at a sharp bend in the river.

When the L.C.C. first, in 1925, put forward a proposal for a new bridge to carry six lines of traffic it was subject to the provision of a subway beneath the Strand. Upon investigation this subway proved impracticable, from the point of view of expense and because the ground rises considerably north of the Strand. This rise means that the subway would have to be carried as far as Long Acre before it again reached the ground level, and even then the gradient would be 1 in 25. Blackwall Tunnel has a gradient of 1 in 34 and this is considered to be the maximum possible for horse-drawn vehicles.

The L.C.C. has started the demolition of Waterloo Bridge, but it has given us no definite plan for the new bridge or any information as to how these six lines of traffic are to be managed. Every expert is agreed that a six-line bridge should have approaches carrying eight lines of traffic, and a four-line bridge approaches of six lines. On a bridge there is no traffic standing at the side. We are to have a new six-line bridge, but there is not the smallest possibility of providing eight lines of traffic along Wellington Street, unless either part of Somerset House or the newly built Brettenham House is pulled down. Allowing for pavements, and presuming that neither of these buildings will be immediately demolished, five lines of traffic is the maximum that can be passed through Wellington Street. This fact alone is sufficient argument against the utility of a bridge carrying six lines of traffic, quite apart from the traffic difficulties of an already overcrowded Strand.

The demolition of Rennie's bridge was begun one hundred and eighteen years and two days after it had been opened by the Prince Regent, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington and delegations from the British regiments still in France. The bridge was declared by Act of Parliament to be a memorial to "great and glorious achievements," in fact, "the brilliant and decisive victory" of Waterloo. Waterloo Bridge was a war memorial as great and as important as the Cenotaph, and was therefore a national monument. Sentiment must give way to real improvements, but so far the L.C.C. has failed to convince the nation of the necessity of destroying the existing Waterloo Bridge. It is very difficult to be convinced of an improvement with no knowledge whatsoever of the future bridge.

M. I. B.



WHY THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A DIFFICULTY IN BUILDING ON THE WATERLOO BRIDGE SITE: It is desirable at the present time to remind our readers that the subsidence of Rennie's structure was in no way due to any fault in the original design, but to the fact that part of the river bed is filled with "disturbed clay" incapable of adequately supporting the piers. This disturbed area was in ancient times the bed of the River Fleet

British Destroyers Visit a German Naval Base—The Thames Barge Race

A PEACETIME INVASION: Ships of the Fourth Destroyer Division being welcomed on their arrival at Swinemünde, the German naval base, where they recently made a week's stay. This was the first British naval visit to this port since the War, and was notable for the big programme of festivities which was arranged and for the friendly interest in the event shown by the German Press. Captain E. K. Boddam-Whetham of the Flotilla Leader *Kempenfelt* paid official calls on the Commandant of the fortress, the Burgomaster, and the other civil authorities

THE WHITE-HULLED "WILL EVERARD" following another competitor in last week's Thames Sailing Barge Race from the Lower Hope to the Mouse Lightship and back to Gravesend. Fifteen vessels took part in this picturesque event which was won with great ease by *Reminder* in 5¼ hours and at an average speed of 8 knots. At the half-way mark she had a commanding lead which she held on to until the finish. The owners of the winning barge were presented with a cup by the Corporation of Lloyds. *(A composite picture)*

ASCOT, 1934

The Pageant of Fashion

AN ASCOT OF WIND, RAIN, AND —SPASMODIC SUNSHINE: Women racegoers walking to the course found that the wind played havoc with their wide-brimmed hats. They wisely held on to them

HOW TO KEEP A HAT ON IN A HIGH WIND: A striking fashion seen in the paddock on Royal Hunt Cup day

IN THE ROYAL BOX: The Queen watching the racing on the first day of the meeting. With her are Prince George and the Prince of Wales

A MAGPIE EFFECT: Mrs. Edward Spencer in a fashionable scarf cape

DETACHED GAUNTLET CUFFS IN ORGANDIE were a feature of this charming ensemble worn by Mrs. Brier

PROOF AGAINST RAIN: Miss Donaldson with the Misses Wingate. Note the piquant combination of ostrich feathers and military capes

THE rain for which England had been waiting can just the wrong time for racegoers, but interva sunshine made the Ascot of 1934 just as brilliant a fun as ever. As far as the racing was concerned there many surprises. An unconsidered outsider demonstrated

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MAINLY from MAYFAIR

A CHARMING VISITOR TO LONDON IN THE SEASON: Maharajkum-Arani Karamjit Singh who was presented at the Second Court by Lady Maud Hoare, wife of the Secretary of State for India. She is a daughter-in-law of the Maharajah of Kapurthala

ADORNING SOCIETY: *Above*—a new portrait of Miss Esther Grant, daughter of Sir Hamilton and Lady Grant. She is an accomplished dancer. *Right*—Miss Gabrielle Adams, who was presented at one of the June Courts

A LADY-IN-WAITING TO GOOD QUEEN BESS: Miss Frances Ronald who is taking part in the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall

ABSOLUTION: Rehearsing an incident in the Elizabethan Episode of the Shropshire Historical Pageant which is to take place at Ludlow Castle between July 2 and July 7. Milton's masque *Comus*, which was originally presented in the great hall of Ludlow Castle on Michaelmas Night, 1634, will be performed each day at the end of the pageant. Altogether 3,000 people will take part, and the proceeds will be devoted to local charities

SILKWORMS IN KENT

The Birth of a New British Industry

Left—LADY HART DYKE who during the past eighteen months has been conducting large scale experiments with a view to establishing silkworm culture as an industry in this country. She is seen here examining some of her specimens

Above—IN THE GROUNDS OF LULLINGSTONE CASTLE: Sir Oliver and Lady Hart Dyke, aided by three of their staff, gathering mulberry leaves with which to feed their silkworms

IN THIS country hitherto the silkworm has suggested a mere hobby for the amusement of the young.

The useful little creature has ranked with the rabbit and white mice, as a harmless incentive to juvenile interest in the simpler forms of natural history. Its cultivation in England with any serious intention has, so far, for various reasons, been deemed impracticable, if not impossible. The main difficulties are food and climate.

Notwithstanding her arduous social and political duties, Lady Hart Dyke has challenged this discouraging tradition, and during the last eighteen months has given serious attention to large-scale experiments in silkworm culture.

At Lullingstone Castle, the Kentish home of Sir Oliver and Lady Hart Dyke, these investigations have been undertaken with a definite practical objective—to produce silk of such quality as would compare with, and even surpass, the best raw material now imported for use in our own English factories.

Her results justify the conclusion that herein are to be found the essential elements in the creation of a new British industry.

Lady Hart Dyke has followed the Italian method, and in this has had the valuable assistance of her partner, Mr. T. B. Bertuccioli, an authority on silkworm culture.

In order to overcome the food difficulty, Lady Hart Dyke has planted in a corner of the deer Park at Lullingstone, several acres of specially selected mulberry bushes. Help has also been forthcoming in the form of large contributions of leaves, not only from friends, but also from generous and interested strangers.

Five different varieties of eggs or "seed" were secured from Italy in order to ascertain the breed most suited to our variable climate.

Hatched out the silkworms commenced their journey through the various stages of their useful career. Henceforward they demanded incessant vigilance, and many precautions against disease, damp, and draught.

At each stage of their development they cast their skins, "moult," to adopt the technical word. These crises provided the most critical moments in the life of the silkworm. An interesting phenomenon occurred at the third stage. For the first time the sound of life was heard in the workrooms. As the silkworms, *300,000 in number*, moved over the perforated paper sheets and crisp mulberry leaves, their feet produced an effect of soft rustling trees or the gentle hissing of a damp wood fire.

(Continued on p. 530)

EXAMINING THE EGGS: Lady Hart Dyke is experimenting with five different varieties of silkworm in order to find out which is best suited to the variable English climate

CLEANING OUT A TRAY OF SILKWORMS: This perforated paper is covered with fresh mulberry leaves and placed on the tray. The insects gradually make their way through the holes, thus allowing the old, shrivelled-up leaves to be removed from beneath without undue disturbance

SORTING COCOONS: From each of these can be wound an unbroken strand of pure silk half-a-mile in length

FEEDING THE 300,000 WITH FRESHLY GATHERED MULBERRY LEAVES: Over half a hundredweight of these are consumed each day

Special "Sphere" pictures by William Davis

IN THE WORLD OF ART

Great French Painters and Caricaturists of the Nineteenth Century — The New Panels in South Africa House

"UNE DEMOISELLE AU BORD DE LA SEINE": A notable picture by the French artist, Gustave Courbet (1819-1877), which is included in the exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries of the works of Renoir, Cézanne, and their contemporaries. [Renoir was a leader of the Impressionist movement in the '70's. Cézanne was a post-impressionist, and Courbet was a realist]

"LA GOULUE ET SON CAVALIER AU BAL DU MOULIN ROUGE": An excellent example of the work of Henri de Toulouse Lautrec (1864-1901) which is also on exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries. This artist was a master of the art of caricature whose subjects are often startling on account of their scrawled limbs and inexplicable anatomy. Note the legs of the grotesque figure dancing on the right

THE GREATEST FRENCH CARICATURIST OF HIS DAY: "Politics in the Butcher's Shop," one of the lithographs by Honoré Daumier now being shown at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Daumier was born in Marseilles in 1808, and went to Paris at the age of eight. As a young man he was drawn into political journalism, but got into serious trouble for caricaturing Louis Philippe as Gargantua. He was in prison for six months, but on his release he continued his campaign of scathing satire upon the foibles of the bourgoisie, and his attacks upon the Government of the day. Wisely, however, he refrained from being too dangerously personal. Daumier's output was prodigious and he appears to have left nearly 4,000 lithographed plates. He died in 1879 after two years of blindness

A DAUMIER LITHOGRAPH: "You won't persuade me again to satisfy your craving for dining on the grass. Now you see, we have walked for two hours without finding the slightest trace of grass. If I had known this I would have put our big green carpet in the basket"

PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR: One of three panels by J. H. Amshewitz, which have recently been placed in the new South Africa House, Trafalgar Square. The other two are of Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco da Gama, the explorers whom Prince Henry inspired to make their famous voyages of discovery to the Cape of Good Hope

WATCHING TENNIS INTELLIGENTLY

Whom and What to Look Out for at Wimbledon—Star Players and the Shots in which they Specialize

FRED PERRY—A MASTER TACTICIAN: He knows when to advance to the net without affording his opponent an opportunity of passing him

THE MAN (or woman) who goes to the opera and just listens to the music will, in all probability, be bored; the man who watches Mr. Culbertson on the off-chance of seeing him make a grand slam will probably be disappointed; and the man who goes to Wimbledon for the thrill of seeing Mr. Menzel of Czechoslovakia play Herr Prenn, once of Germany but now something of an exile, is certainly wasting his opportunities.

As an opera-goer needs the knowledge to look for and recognize the *leitmotifs*, as a bridge bystander needs a knowledge of conventional bids to get the most out of his entertainment, so the tennis fan requires an appreciation of what to look for before he can see it.

It is only the very young or the very superficial that can be incessantly thrilled by a chase to the base-line or a smash of a weak lob; so, let me tell you a few of the things on which to keep a watchful eye. If it does not improve your own club or garden-party tennis (and it will), it will enhance your interest and increase your amusement.

Compare, for example, the top-spin drive of Menzel with its fizzing bound off the court with the flat trajectory drive of Austin, which relies on its length (nearness to the base-line) and its placing near the side-line. Both have their merits; the former is more difficult to take if you are near it, but the high bound gives you more time to get to it if you have to run. Also, the flat drive takes less time to make than the top-spin, and thus gives the player more time to anticipate the return.

Compare these two with the genuine chop of Miss Ryan, the slice of Crawford's backhand, and the undercut of Signorina Valerio. The chop keeps low and shoots, but its weakness is that, being played downward, it is likely to find the net, or, if struck too soon, to send the ball out. The slice angles the ball sharply and causes it to curl out of court, but it tends to send it over the side-line. The cut gives the ball a bound against the direction of its flight, but this may be anticipated, and a cut shot can be recognised both by the sound of the ball on the racket and the action of the striker.

Then compare the round-arm overhead of Brugnon with the genuine smash of Borotra with both feet on the ground, and these with the orthodox smash of Gregory with both feet off the ground.

Watch for the vicious forearm of Mrs. Howard (Mlle Metaxa) and note its resemblance to the equally vicious forearm drive of Mlle Adamoff; it is peculiar to the French school.

Watch Perry for his incursions to the net; the deep drive only is followed up, not a short shot which affords his opponent an opportunity of passing him on either wing as he advances.

Note that the lob is played not because it is the only stroke to get a difficult shot back, but to allow the lobber time to get back into position on the court; and note that the expert lobber lobs only high enough to avoid the man at the net and imparts enough spin to the ball to cause it to shoot, making the backward save more difficult. Too high a lob allows the receiver time to get it.

Watch the way doubles players keep parallel formation as much as possible and regain it when they are driven out of position. Watch for the skilled way in which the non-striker crosses to cover the empty court if the striker has crossed to make an interception.

Look for the chess-like methods of the experts, scheming for an opening. A shot to the forehand is followed by one to the backhand, by one to the fore, by one to the back, by one to the—*back*—catching the opponent "on the wrong foot."

See the slight cut imparted to a low volley to give it fizz and keep it low and in court. Watch the disguise of direction especially in service: the ball to the angle alternating with one to the centre-line.

And, when you applaud, do not applaud the easy winner — I say nothing of the crime of applauding a double fault by the opponent of your own champion—but the really clever play.

And if you have any regard not only for your fellow spectators but the players themselves, do not, I implore you, let your enthusiasm so run away with you that you applaud even the most miraculous save or shot until the rally is ended. G. R.

On right—BOTH FEET OFF THE GROUND: S. B. Wood, Wimbledon champion in 1931, returning a lob from his opponent

AN EXPONENT OF THE BACKHAND SLICE: J. H. Crawford, last year's Wimbledon champion, in action. He is a delightful player to watch

AT THE MERCY OF THE BOUNDING BASQUE: G. von Cramm and M. Denker, the German Doubles pair, caught out of position by Jean Borotra during a Davis Cup tie between France and Germany

"WET BOBS"

Oars and Sails on the Thames

A RIVER REGATTA IN A RURAL SETTING: Cattle, seeking a respite from the heat, were stolid onlookers of the racing at last week's annual meeting of the Sailing Boat Association at Bourne End. Conditions were excellent for racing, and equally matched entries provided a number of thrilling finishes

WHITE SAILS ON JUNE WATERS: Another view of the racing during Bourne End Week. A notable performance was put up by Mr. F. S. Spriggs' *Caprice*, which in one day won two races for "A" Class raters

On right—A HOME OF PUBLIC SCHOOL ROWING: Etonian "wet bobs" launching their craft for a practice row on the Thames at Windsor

AN AMERICAN CHALLENGE: The Yale University crew practising on the Thames for Henley Regatta which begins on July 4. Princetown, another important American University, will also compete and are sending over a powerful crew which has only once been defeated in seven races

ACTOR AND AUTHOR: Mr. Russell Thorndike whose new book, *Jet and Ivory*, has just been published by Rich and Cowan. His biography of his sister, Sybil Thorndike, appeared in 1929

The World of Books

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

Mr. Hector Bolitho is making a name for himself as biographer to the Royal Family. **VICTORIA, THE WIDOW AND HER SON** (Cobden Sanderson. 21s.), was contemplated, he tells us, five years ago when he was writing the life of the Prince Consort. Since then, he goes on, five or six biographies of the Queen and of King Edward ("some of them were greeted as scholarly and distinguished books") have been written, but he read none of them. "I decided to gather as much information as possible through interviews with descendants of the Queen and surviving contemporaries . . ."

If Mr. Bolitho adds little to our knowledge of the public relations between Queen Victoria and her son (and reveals nothing new about their private lives) he at least delivers himself of a painstaking work on the subject, and as authoritative a one as the descendants of the Queen can help him make it.

It may have been the influence of the descendants, but the great Queen seems to have dominated Mr. Bolitho as completely as she did everyone else in her lifetime. He may have cast King Edward for the rôle of double lead in his drama, but Victoria is seldom off stage, and the book might just as well have been titled Victoria, Disraeli, Gladstone, Edward, Palmerston, Salisbury, and some others.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR HENRY DICKENS (Heinemann. 18s.) are published at a moment when most of us are becoming, willy-nilly, Dickens conscious. For myself it is rather more nilly than willy, but though I began to read with scarcely any of that pleasant anticipation that a volume of memoirs generally induces, I was soon won over.

Sir Henry was Dickens's last surviving child and was in his eighty-fifth year when he completed these memoirs and then died as the result of a fatal accident. His life and work were at the Bar, and his book is rich with memories of famous trials and legal occasions, as well as of the great legal, literary, and social figures of his day.

In this generation his humanity and tolerance on the Bench are well remembered. They are best emphasized in the letter which his widow prints in an introduction:—

"My Lady.—I respectfully offer sincere sympathy in your bereavement. The late Sir Henry gave me a chance a few years ago, when I stood before him at the Old Bailey and I have never forgotten it, and I think he was a real great sport. Please forgive absence of signature."

But this book will be popularly read, for the chapters headed, "My Father as I Knew Him." Whatever his shortcomings as a husband (and the sensationalists will find nothing to add on this over-discussed score) Charles Dickens must have been an ideal father. Sir Henry has many delightful stories to tell of him and winds up with a touching eulogy.

Incidentally Dickens' collectors will find in this book a hitherto unpublished broadsheet which must be of some value.

Whatever "quiet humour" Mr. Adrian Alington may be said by his publishers to possess is quiet enough to be inaudible in his latest novel, **ANN AND AURELIA** (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.). It is one of those stories which open in the 'eighties and trace, with painstaking thoroughness, the progress of two girls, whose lives lead them in very different paths, only to unite them in their slightly unattractive old age.

Yet Mr. Alington is unusually readable, and there are passages from time to time which achieve a real poignancy and sincerity. Too often these are eclipsed by the conventional way in which he has drawn his characters: the famous actress, the unselfish husband, the drunken ne'er-do-well, and the regrettably fair-minded friend of the family.

About **DARKENING GREEN** (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) I have nothing to say that is not praise. My much thumbed copy of *Sinister Street* reminds me that it is so many years since I first bought it for keeps, and I have not travelled with Mr. Compton Mackenzie all the way. And now, in this his new novel I can, with delight, accept his summons to the remembrance of things past, and the book goes into a special place for re-reading. There is such tenderness in the telling of this story, and with it, such vividness, that I longed to have that enchanted time back again, although it is more dead than the Pharaohs, that scene of the English countryside of almost forty years ago.

Then there were no petrol pumps or cinemas, and the greatest menace of the high roads were the cyclists "scorching through High Beeching at 15 miles an hour, offending the eye . . . with simian attitude."

A DECORATIVE WALL FOUNTAIN: A picture illustrating a chapter on Garden Ornaments in Mr. Geoffrey W. Henslow's new book on suburban gardens. The author gives many valuable hints to the city man owning a small plot of land in the suburbs, and who can devote only a limited amount of time and money to his hobby

I can at this moment think of no one but Compton Mackenzie who, writing in retrospect, can re-create for you that spell of the past so completely that you are bewildered, when you put the book down, to find yourself inevitably (I was going to write hopelessly) back in the world of 1934.

"Perhaps the magical haze of youth . . . is responsible for the fancy that it was such a wonderful place." It *was* a wonderful place, and, in my unworthy opinion, a pretty wonderful book.

CORPORAL TUNE (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is a novel which is going to add a great deal to Mr. L. A. G. Strong's reputation. Although the theme, that of a man with a serious illness who refuses his one chance of recovery from indifference to life, is a gloomy one, it cannot be called a sad book.

It is in a way a triumphant book, and it is written with that delicacy which is the prerogative of the poet. The emotional subtleties of Farrelly's problem are so clearly drawn that they become real and human, and have none of the tediousnesses of the "psychological novel." And there are passages of descriptive beauty which I have not seen equalled since Lawrence. If only more poets wrote novels, and fewer novelists!

Bradda Field, who wrote an almost-best-seller some time ago, called *Small Town*, has written another novel, this time of Malta, called **GRAND HARBOUR** (Constable. 7s. 6d.).

This is an excellently contrived tale in the Rhoda Broughton–L. T. Meade manner, sufficiently modernized and with enough illicit week-ends to make it saleable to a section of the public.

Beatrix Lehmann, on the contrary, has an original style, and a sense of drama to support it. In **RUMOUR OF HEAVEN** (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) she has written of a family who all seem perfectly credible though most of them are certifiable.

There is a certain amount of gloom, and more of squalor in this saga of the survival of the sanest, but it has the authentic touch of talent that makes it better than most.

MR. JAMES HILTON who has been awarded the Hawthornden Prize for his book, *Lost Horizon*, which was deemed by the judges to be the best example of imaginative work published during the past twelve months. The author, who started his literary career just after the war, wrote his prizewinning novel, which has a Tibetan setting, without ever having been to Tibet

One of the most distinctive things about **SUBURBAN GARDENS** (Rich and Cowan. 5s.) is the price. It is a long and extremely informative book, with many illustrations and really practical advice. It is well out of the class of "garden books," sometimes given at Christmas, which are best read when standing at a lectern, and which are as heavy in subject matter as they are in weight.

Geoffrey Henslow is an authority on gardening and writes simply, chattily, and sensibly, though I could not bring myself to agree with some of his choices of garden ornament. This book breaks new ground and should have a wide appeal.

Lady Evelyn Cobbold is the first European woman convert to Islam who has visited its holy places and described them. That alone would give **PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA** (Murray. 10s. 6d.) a peculiar importance. But this travel diary is more than a day-to-day documentation; it is vital, and has the strongly personal touch of something hardly written for publication. The photographs of Mecca and Medina are remarkable.

FIFTY YEARS ON THE TEST (Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.) is a book for real fishermen. The author, C. Ernest Pain, as the title indicates, is a man of very long experience of this best trout river in the world, and his account of it, as well as his advice, are well worth absorbing. Best of all I enjoyed the final chapter—of fishing stories!

And finally, for those who view the English countryside with an objective eye, and who can still find in it a land of beauty and not of beauty spots, I would recommend **COUNTRY** by H. J. Massingham (Cobden Sanderson. 10s. 6d.)

The author writes with a wise and generous eye upon the village community in which he lives. He is not uncritical, but there is balance and an affection even in his strictest judgments. For the descriptive passages alone this book is worth reading, while the photographs with which it is illustrated are really lovely.

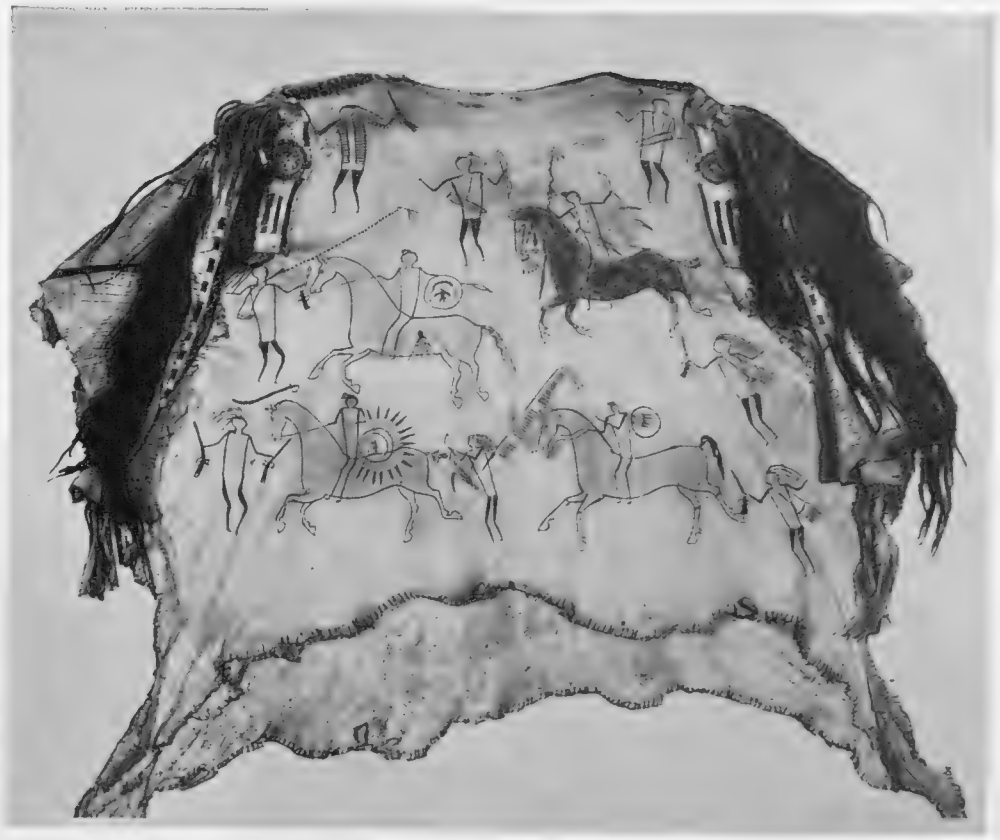
On page 530 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

NAPOLEON LYING IN STATE AT ST. HELENA: A pencil drawing made by an officer of H.M.S. *Vigo* on the day after the Emperor's death. It was sold for ten guineas at Sotheby's on June 18

ART OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN IN THE 18th CENTURY

A Valuable Collection of Painted Skins Discovered in the Versailles Municipal Library

PICTURE OF A NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN CHIEF painted on a portion of a buffalo-skin coat. In his left hand he holds a pipe



A FESTIVAL SHIRT OF DEER-SKIN: The other drawings shown on this page were probably the work of Sioux Indians. This example was made by a member of the Cree tribe of Central Canada

A STAG DRINKING AT A RIVER: A drawing on buffalo-skin in black, brown, and red

DETAIL OF A DEER-SKIN COAT BELONGING TO THE SON OF A CHIEFTAIN: This was probably the work of a woman

The discovery of these rare painted skins in the cellar of the Municipal Library at Versailles is an event of first-class importance to students of the art of the North American Indian. It appears that these skins were sent over to Europe in 1786 at the request of the Marquis de Sèrent, who was then responsible for the education of the two sons of the Comte d'Artois who later ascended the throne as Charles X of France. After the Revolution the collection was housed in the Versailles Natural History Museum, where it remained until 1806.

Now, 128 years later, it has been brought to light again and given a place of honour in the Ethnographical Museum at the Trocadéro, Paris. At the moment of writing full details are lacking regarding the origin of these skins, but it seems probable that most of them were made by the Sioux tribe of North American Indians in the early years of the eighteenth century. The men of this tribe were noted for their great physical strength and indomitable courage. They inhabited an immense tract including what are now the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, North Dakota, and South Dakota, and for years harassed the white settlers.

Experts who have examined the skins say that they are those of buffalo and deer, and that the designs were produced with heated bones. The picturesque groups showing humans and animals were probably the work of men, while women were responsible for the more decorative and symbolic motifs.

A DECORATIVE TENT CURTAIN ADORNED WITH HUNTING SCENES: The buffalo has just been wounded with two arrows, and the hunter is seen about to discharge a third

DORMY

one down —and one to go

GUINNESS
is good for your Golf

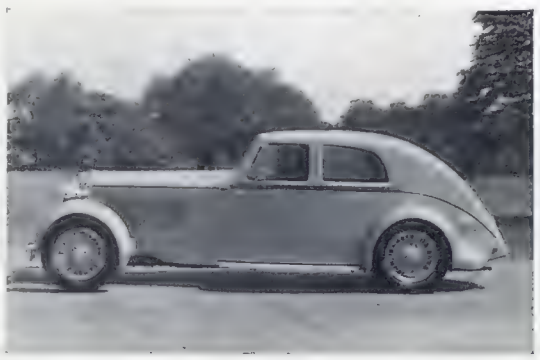
G.E. 388

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

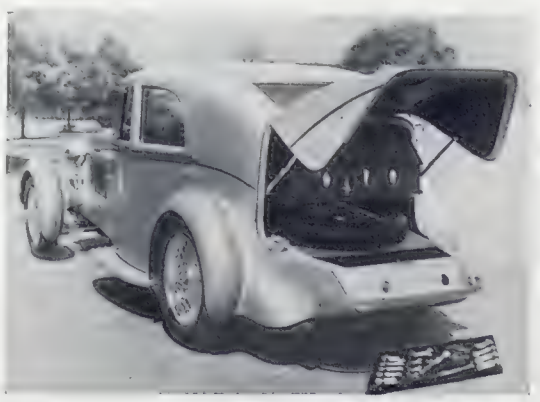
The first words in the catalogue of cars issued by the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., are "The Sunbeam is a vintage car." I find it exceedingly difficult to think of any other collection of words that would describe the 25-h.p. Sunbeam, which I recently tested, so concisely or so accurately. Other cars may be the same price, or cheaper, or more expensive, they may go just as quickly or stop in as short a space as a Sunbeam, but the latter has a peculiar way of doing these things, which gives just that little extra satisfaction to the driver which makes all the difference. There are one or two other cars which I would place in the same class, and the reason for this subtle superiority, or vintage quality, is that in the Sunbeam factory the work-people and staff in general have the invaluable experience which can only be gained by prolonged participation in the motor-racing world. Times without number I have heard the heads of motor-car firms declare that racing was an expensive game and was not worth the money expended. That may be true where a factory is turning out low-priced mass-produced cars, but if a maker sets out to supply the public with a quality vehicle, he will nearly always just miss the boat unless he competes fairly consistently in motoring speed events.



THE POETRY OF STREAMLINE: A Bentley saloon supplied to Mr. A. H. R. Fedden of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, Ltd. The body was specially designed by Mr. Fedden in co-operation with the chassis manufacturers and the coachbuilders, Messrs. Park Ward and Company, Ltd.

True, Sunbeams have not of recent years figured in the classic races of the world or in this country, but they evidently have not forgotten the many lessons which they learnt when they were the sole representatives of Great Britain in the Grand Prix on the Continent. This 25 h.p. model is a very pleasing car to drive. It is large and powerful, as cars go to-day, but there is nothing heavy or tiring in driving it, even over long distances. Its 6-cylinder engine is the acme of smooth, quiet running, and is immensely powerful, though it always does its work in a most refined, gentlemanly manner. The particular model which I drove was a four-door saloon with an immense amount of room inside it. The driving position was excellent, though to start with I found that the gear lever was a little too far away, but after 100 miles I became accustomed to its position and tucked, as it is, well forward under the scuttle, it certainly allows very easy access to the driver's seat by the door on the driver's side. I think, therefore, on the whole the advantage lies with a gear lever in this position. Then from actual experience I found that unless I came to an absolute standstill it was quite unnecessary to change gear, although the makers very kindly provide a synchro-mesh change from top to third. When the changes are up the benefit of synchro-mesh is obtainable from the second to third as well as from the third to top. As regards speed, the car very quickly gets into its cruising pace of about 55 m.p.h., whilst its maximum is well over 70, and even at that speed the car is quite easy to control and comfortable.

As might be expected from a car emanating from the Sunbeam factory, the suspension, brakes, and steering are beyond criticism, and although the car is a really commodious saloon it holds the road almost like a racing chassis, and at corners there is very little sensation of rolling. Another feature which pleased me was the ease with which it started when cold in the morning. It seemed to require very little warming up before it was ready to give of its best. The designers have been successful in producing a car which gives the maximum amount of accommodation and yet which is pleasing to the eye. The only criticism which I can make is one which any private owner can get over when placing his order. The ordinary touring tyres make a noise as they roll on the road which became somewhat irritating, at least for me, as my own car—to which I am more accustomed—is fitted with silent-tread Dunlops.



THE CAPACIOUS TAIL: A rear view of Mr. Fedden's Bentley car, showing the spare wheel, luggage, and tool compartments

It is interesting news that at last a British radio manufacturer has produced a set suitable for installing on cars. The other day I attended a luncheon given by the firm of Lissen to inaugurate their entry into the car radio field. From what I saw and heard of the demonstration set I do not think that anyone will criticize its quality, and British motorists will appreciate the ability of the set to give them long as well as medium wave reception. I am told that in America scarcely a car is sold without a radio set, and so it is a little surprising that up to the moment only one well-known British radio manufacturer has turned his attention in this direction, for I feel that there is an immense future for this side of radio development, though even with my limited knowledge I can see that the problems to be solved are many and complicated. It was rightly pointed out at this luncheon that no matter how good a car radio set may be, the pleasure it gives to the owner is entirely dependent on the skill and workmanship of the firm or person who fits it to the car. At the present moment I doubt if there are more than five or six people or firms capable of doing the job satisfactorily. There is, therefore, an immense future for specialists in this type of work. On the other hand, if a set is not fitted properly, the owner is apt to blame the set, and it therefore behoves every firm who is making or who intends to make car radio sets to appoint and instruct efficient fitters throughout the country.

Whilst on this subject of radio it is worth recalling that many people are of the opinion that radio on a car is a dangerous accessory as it is likely to distract the driver from his proper job. As a result of my own personal experience I should say that any driver whose concentration on controlling the car is diminished by listening to a wireless programme would probably be a dangerous driver in any case. The only effect music or speech from a loudspeaker has on me is to make me drive considerably slower than I otherwise would. On occasions when I am in a hurry I never turn the wireless on. As far as searching for stations with the control knob is concerned I find this does not interfere with my driving any more than looking for the windscreen wiper switch when rain commences to fall. If, however, some drivers do find it too distracting the obvious remedy is to fit the controls on the dash opposite the front passenger. Even at its worst, speech from a loudspeaker is far less worrying or dangerous than the conversation of a voluble passenger, and I find that if the radio is working it keeps the other occupants of the car silent.

I have received a booklet from the Hillman Motor Car Company, Ltd., and its title is *A New Thrill Has Come Into Life*. Generally speaking, the average motor car brochure or booklet is a very dry, businesslike publication. This latest effusion of Hillman's breaks fresh ground and is something most refreshing to read, is witty and well illustrated, whilst the whole booklet is as unlike a motor car brochure as an elephant compared with a lump of sugar. Even if one has no intention of buying a Hillman, or in particular a Hillman Aero Minx, it is well worth applying to the Hillman Motor Car Company, Ltd., Coventry, for a copy, which will be sent post free to any applicant.

The Ford Motor Company, Ltd., have now started up their colossal blast furnace at their Dagenham works. The ideal aimed at when the factory was designed was to feed in large quantities of raw material on one side and to extract from the other end huge quantities of finished motor cars. The completion of this new furnace brings this ideal almost to realization point. When working at full capacity it will produce 500 tons of pig iron every twenty-four hours, and it is, of course, the first to be built in the South of England.

The attractions of Ireland as a touring ground are being discovered by a larger number of British motorists every year. But the sea crossing and the Customs formalities before entering the Irish Free State introduce into the holiday minor difficulties with which the motorist does not wish to be bothered. To its members the Automobile Association offers services which successfully smooth out all such difficulties. The A.A. Irish handbook, enlarged for 1934–35, is now ready.

IN MEMORIAM: A year ago Sir Henry Birkin, one of the greatest motor racing drivers, died from blood poisoning. Last Saturday, before the start of the British Empire Trophy race at Brooklands, a bronze plaque was unveiled to his memory by Earl Howe

THE EMIR OF TRANSJORDAN was a very interested spectator at Brooklands. He is seen with Sir Malcolm Campbell setting out on a trip round the track before the racing began

THEY'RE OFF! The start of the British Empire Trophy race. As usual foreign cars predominated in the large car class

ARTIFICIAL HAIR-PIN BENDS: A. H. L. Eccles (Bugatti No. 45) leading R. G. S. Seaman (M.G. Magnette No. 29) through one of the "snake" bends which were the nearest possible approach to a road course

THE WINNER: Captain G. E. T. Eyston (M.G. Magnette) being congratulated by Mr. Cecil Kimber and receiving the banner from Prince Bertil of Sweden. The race was won at an average speed of 80·81 m.p.h.

PLAYS *and* BALLET

"Village Wooing"—Bernard Shaw's Agreeable Trifle : Ballet Replaces Opera at Covent Garden : Graceful Nini Theilade : A Galsworthy Playlet

By PHILIP PAGE

BERNARD SHAW AT HIS BRIGHTEST IN "VILLAGE WOOING" AT THE LITTLE: *Top*—The bouncing blonde telephone operator (Sybil Thorndike) in a Wiltshire village post-office-cum-shop has won a prize in a sweepstake and is "blueing" it on a four months world cruise. She pesters one of her fellow travellers (Arthur Wontner), a writer of popular guides, and forces him to pay attention to her. *Above*—After the cruise an accidental meeting results in the telephone operator persuading the writer to buy the village shop and, incidentally, to become her life partner. Moral: The woman always wins

DOUBLE-BILLS are being worn this season and in distinguished fashion.

Shakespeare and Milton having provided one for the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, at the Little Theatre they have decided to give the moderns a chance, and it has been left to Shaw and Galsworthy. I did not go all the way either to Texas or to Tunbridge Wells a few weeks ago for the early performances of the former's *Village Wooing*; it has reached London at last, and is none the worse for the journey.

I do not imagine Mr. Shaw found this a great effort to write, for it seems to be the sort of stuff a member of a cheery house party might write in a single afternoon for performance on the following evening. Yet none but Mr. Shaw could have written quite like this, and it is remarkable that a man of his years can still play the fool as easily and so light-heartedly, and can revel in the holiday spirit.

Probably some of the playlet was based on experience. We know, of course, who the bearded author is. Mr. Shaw takes long sea voyages and not being at all a fierce person has doubtless been approached by thick-skinned lion-hunters, in or out of chains. Such lion-hunters are usually female, and that fits in well enough with his theory that in matters of sex it is the female who takes the offensive. We have had most of it before in *Man and Superman*, but John-Bernard-Tanner-Shaw is always worth resuscitating though he rarely gets into the condition that needs it. Farce is approached when the man is seen later behind the counter of a village shop, yet not approached too closely, which is a mercy, since farce is not Mr. Shaw's cup-of-tea or, rather, if I may follow a lead in egotism, Mr. Shaw's farce is not my cup-of-tea. Those parts of his plays in which people roll about on the floor are dreadful.

In this they roll about only in the philosophical sense, and all is well. In the end She marries a supposedly reluctant Him. Dame Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Arthur Wontner played in the right spirit and made *Village Wooing* an agreeable trifle. It can hardly have taxed their capacity any more than it taxed Mr. Shaw's.

Galsworthy's *The Little Man* is a trifle, but not quite so agreeable. This fine dramatist had humour in plenty, but no apparent sense of fun. In a farce, which his playlet is labelled, fun has to be there, and it has to be the main quality. His object in writing it—he called it, to be precise, a "farcical morality"—was to show how thoroughly rude travellers can be to each other. The picture of a meek little man holding a baby, supposed to be stricken with typhus, in a railway carriage, and receiving no help from a garrulous American, an old-school-tie type of Englishman, a sabre-rattling Prussian, and other unsympathetic passengers is photographic and proves the point. But it was not funny.

Typhus, which I do not remember being introduced into a play before, does not seem to be a complaint conducive to side-splitting hilarity. Perhaps it would have been funnier had the baby had chicken-pox or German measles, though the baby might not have seen the joke. A choleric Bateman colonel with a foot swathed in gout bandages is a sure-fire laugh. But one does not find choleric and gouty Bateman babies.

The Russian Ballet.—Ballet has come t Covent Garden in place of opera. Prices are lowe and perhaps brows are a shade lower too. Th young men are certainly odder and greet the appear ance of their favourites with a shrill and sibilan enthusiasm never accorded a Boecklemann, Borgioli, or a Lauritz Melchior. One day, perhaps we shall see tenors take curtain-calls with nice litt bunches of lilies in their hands, but not yet.

Russian ballet has always been greeted wit the hysterical superlatives peculiar to itself o rather, to its audience. There is more room fo them at Covent Garden than there was at th Alhambra and the intervals seem longer, whic makes an evening there half-ballet, half-debatin society. The ballet portion deserves nearly all th eulogistic things said about it. The work of th *corps de ballet* in particular is as good as that o the Diaghileff troupe at its best and a long wa ahead of its performances in the last years whe it was given over to experiments in the odd an ugly and neglected classicism.

On the opening night they took a little time t settle down. In *Les Presages*, which does funn things with Tschaikowsky but is both ingeniou and interesting, they achieved prodigies of har work which never ceased to be graceful work *The Three Cornered Hat*, the Spanish ballet Manuel de Falla, is considered very modern thoug in fact it is nothing of the sort. In spirit it eighteenth century rhythmic simplicity plus Moorish flavour in its melody which is possibly a good a description as any of almost all Spanis music.

That great dancer, M. Massine, here do with his feet what the female of the specie (Spanish) does with castanets. M. Efrem Kurt who is an old friend as a conductor, now has bright young assistant, M. Dorati, who seems trifle agitated at times but secures excellent effect and has a rare sense of rhythm.

It must be a fine as well as a novel experienc for any ballet to have in support an orchestra the calibre of the London Philharmonic. Th opera season brought this up to a higher stage efficiency than ever, for playing together nigh after night (and no deputies) has given them polish equal to that of such bodies as the New Yor Philharmonic and Berlin Philharmonic, which ar world-famous.

These two orchestras are world-famous becaus they travel through the world with any amount o

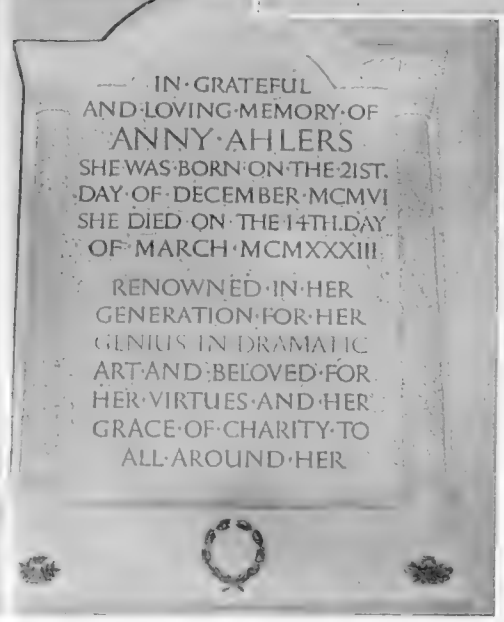
"SIXTEEN," AT THE CRITERION, REACHES ITS HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE: Owen Nares, Alexis France, and Fabia Drake in the successful play by Aimée and Philip Stuart. Alexis France provides excellent entertainment in the juvenile part

THE TWO DROMIOS: Frank Pickle and Andrew Leigh as th twin brothers who serve Antipholus of Ephesus an Antipholus of Syracuse in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Error* which was recently presented in Regent's Park

publicity and *réclame*. Of course they have excellent wares to sell, but they are displayed well. The London Philharmonic, on the other hand, stays at home because there is no source, whether it be the State or an individual, of subsidy or guarantee. Cultured and moneyed Americans plank down a large cheque before the New York Philharmonic sets out on its travels; here people, if not less cultured, are certainly less moneyed or less willing to part with their money. Thus does the artistic reputation of the nation suffer; no Ministry of Fine Arts exists to put it right and there is no certainty that it would do this if it did exist.

But I have danced rather a long way from the Russian Ballet. So far this season there has been no sensational discovery of a new dancer. In Mlle Danilova, however, there s the perfect exponent of he classical style; her echnique is exquisite and he touch of coldness in ier stage personality suits

"QUEEN OF SCOTS" AT THE NEW THEATRE: A scene in Holyrood Palace in Gordon Daviot's latest historical play. The Earl of Ruthven (Norman MacOwan) gives a grim vision of the manner in which Mary Stuart (Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies) was dominated by the masterful Scottish leaders of her reign. Lord Darnley (Glen Byam Shaw) and Mary Beaton (Margaret Webster) can be seen on the left



HE MEMORIAL TABLET TO ANNY AHLERS, the popular German actress who died in tragic circumstances during the run of *The Dubarry* at His Majesty's Theatre over a year ago. It has been placed in the village church of St. Mary at Shipley, Sussex

ost of the rôles she undertakes. Mlle iabouchinska has no less technique but rather ore humanity; in *Jeux d'Enfants* she shows erself a good actress-mime and her thistle-down ace is something at which to wonder. *Le Beau anube* is not one of the best ballets in the pertoire in either conception or execution; the lue Danube waltz itself was not long ago danced r better on this very stage by an English dancer, iss Mimi Crawford, in some memorable performances of Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*.

We are to be faced shortly with another large-ale season of ballet, this time at the Coliseum. ie sentences are to run concurrently. I presume e clash was inevitable; yet it seems so utterly surd that after having had no ballet in London eyond occasional Old Vic and other admirable, ough "outlying" performances) for about nine onths, two of our largest theatres should be nning seasons simultaneously.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."—here is dancing, too, in Regent's Park, at the pen Air Theatre. And very well they do it, ough pattering about on turf with bare feet is a ferent matter from pirouetting on a stage with e paraphernalia of dancing shoes and rosin. Miss ni Theilade is indeed a graceful young creature d the ballets have been not the least enjoyable ature of this *alfresco* entertainment.

Comus and *The Comedy of Errors* duly gave y to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, without ich no open air theatre could ever be complete. delightful revival—with one or two reservations. iss Phyllis Neilson-Terry is regally tall and a akespearean actress of distinction and experience. t I had rather she had not played Oberon, for r personality is essentially feminine; Oberon is, it is true, a fairy Prince in a fairy play, but that is all the more reason for not insisting over much on reality.

I am getting sick and tired of saying that Miss Margaretta Scott's performances this year have all been immaculate and that her series of Shakespeare's heroines—those she has so far essayed—is something to be thankful for and remember always. But facts have to be faced. Mr. Robert Atkins's Bottom is good, and a number of clever people, including Sir Nigel Playfair, do what they can with those unconscionably dull dogs, the rehearsing clowns.

"Cleo Calling."—Mr. Oscar Asche might have made a wiser choice for his return to the stage than *Cleo Calling*. This strange piece at the Aldwych I found to be full of ideas of which much better use might have been made. Dream-plays are ticklish things to handle. This one really was a muddle. I could not make out when the dream ended and when it began, and—fatal indication—I did not much care. The play has now been withdrawn.

THE CONQUERED AND THE CONQUEROR: King Richard and the Earl of Richmond at the battle of Bosworth. The last scene in the Oxford University Dramatic Society's production of Shakespeare's *Richard III* presented in the historic cloisters of Christ Church

"A RASH AND HAZARDOUS YOUNG MAN": Mary Stuart (Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies) gives way to the embraces of the Earl of Bothwell (Laurence Olivier), the murderer of Darnley. Another scene from *Queen of Scots*

The two scenes shown above give an indication of the extraordinary impression created by Gordon Daviot's play, *Queen of Scots*, in which the author depicts Mary Stuart as a woman devoid of character. The unfortunate Queen is revealed as a person who veers and bends before every wind of circumstance, while in contrast the plotting nobles gathered round her all have a force and purpose which accentuates the colourlessness of the Queen. Nowhere in the play does one obtain a vision of the woman who in real life impressed so favourably every person of note with whom she came in contact.

Several Reasons Why

SEA WAVES ARE NO LONGER SAD

Here, on the left, is a very excellent one, for there is something irresistibly gay about this play suit in blue tie silk patterned with tiny white spots. The shorts, which are skilfully shaped and pleated in a way that has a most kindly effect on the feminine figure, are cut in one with the top. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., and costs 59s. 6d., or, for another 10s., it is made in heavy "Tantex" in plain colours

Barnaby Studios

Cast up by the tide, and seized upon by an ingenious designer for the adornment of shore maidens: beach jewellery composed of highly-polished and beautifully-shaped shells. Necklaces, bracelets, brooches, and fascinating ear-rings, are all shown in the picture on the right, to say nothing of the wide cork bracelets decorated with brilliantly-coloured ships and fishes and bound with waxed twine. They come from Harrods, of Knightsbridge

A pair of well-tailored slacks in a heavy jersey, with wide double bands at the waist and stitched creases down the front of the legs. They cost 30s. at Lillywhite's, of 24, Regent Street, W., where the waffle weave knitted fabric sun top may be bought for 15s. 6d.

The woollen swim suit has a brassière top, while beneath the wide-legged shorts are stockinette trunks, the entire garment being made in one. The price is 32s. 6d.

A Midsummer Day's Dream

The rugs are spread—half in the sun, half in the shade . . . Now to reveal the secrets of the hamper—to slake dry throats, to cool parched palates with deep bubbly draughts . . . with Schweppes as clear and fresh as the newly picked fruit from which it is made: Sparkling Grape Fruit, Sparkling Orange and Sparkling Lemon.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

LONG-DISTANCE LAUNCHING

General Hertzog Presses a Button in South Africa and a New Liner is Launched in Holland

AN UNIQUE FEAT: By pressing a button in Pretoria, the administrative capital of South Africa, General Hertzog, the Premier, set in motion a radio-magnetic device which launched the new 17,000-ton Holland-Africa liner, *Bloemfontein*, from a shipbuilding yard near Amsterdam. This is said to be the first time that radio-telegraphy has ever been used for such a purpose

HURLED BY NO HUMAN HAND: At the identical moment at which the cable was being severed the electric current also released this baptismal bottle of champagne which broke against the bows of the S.S. *Bloemfontein*. The radio message sent by General Hertzog was relayed via Capetown and London. Many technical difficulties had to be overcome to ensure that the ceremony would go through without a hitch

THE VITAL LINK: Following the pressing of the button in Pretoria this hammer descended upon a knife which severed the last cable holding the new liner on the slipway. A huge crowd gathered to watch the launching

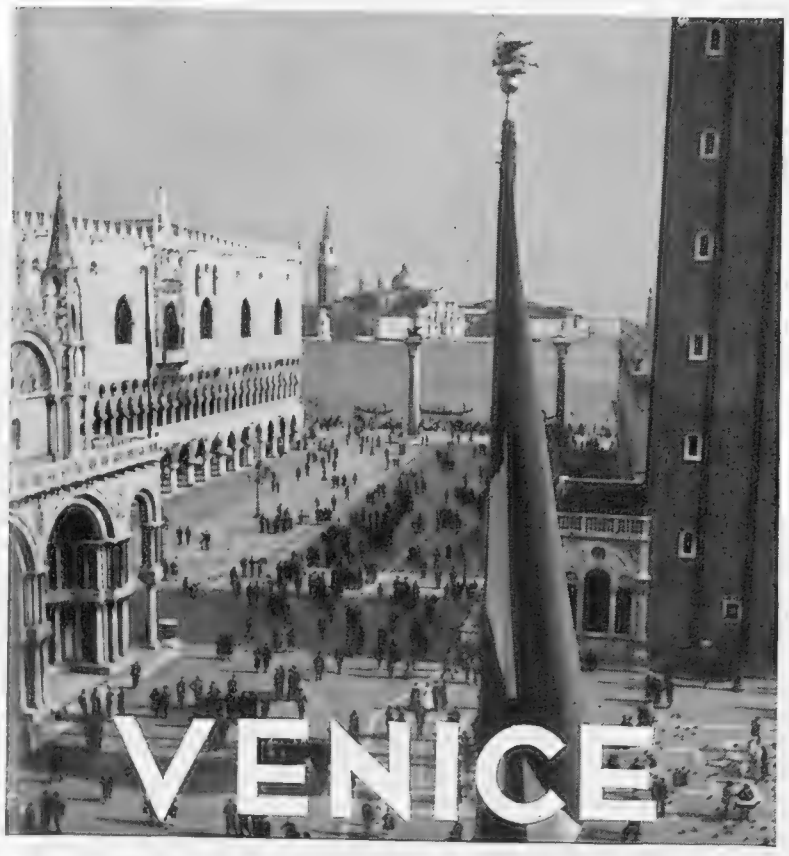
SAFELY LAUNCHED: The new liner after she had left the slipway. Dr. Colijn, the Dutch Prime Minister, and other members of the Cabinet were present at the ceremony

"L.S.D" said the lady when he proposed to her MEANING—

Let's Sit Down!

"BP" said the Motorist, meaning the Best Possible petrol mixed with Ethyl fluid, which is the finest known anti-knock specific

BP ETHYL



XIX. BIENNIAL ART EXHIBITION
MAY — OCTOBER

JULY 1934

In the magic surroundings of Venice
GRAND OPEN-AIR SPECTACLES

LA BOTTEGA DEL CAFFE
COMEDY BY GOLDONI

Scenery by Gino Rocca. Court of San Luca Theatre. 3 Performances, July 7th—15th. First Performance, night of July 7th.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
TRAGEDY BY SHAKESPEARE

Translation by P. Ojetti. Music by Victor de Sabata. Scenery by Max Reinhardt. Campo San Trovaso—4 Performances, July 18th—26th. First Performance, night of July 18th.

Tickets and Information at ***Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Agencies,*** *or directly at the* ***Biennale di Venezia, Venice.***

VENICE HOTELS:

HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI. World Renowned. Near Doge's Palace.

GRAND HOTEL. The Hotel of excellence on the Grand Canal.

Hotel Regina. On the Grand Canal.

Hotel Vittoria. Near St. Mark's.

HOTELS AT THE LIDO:

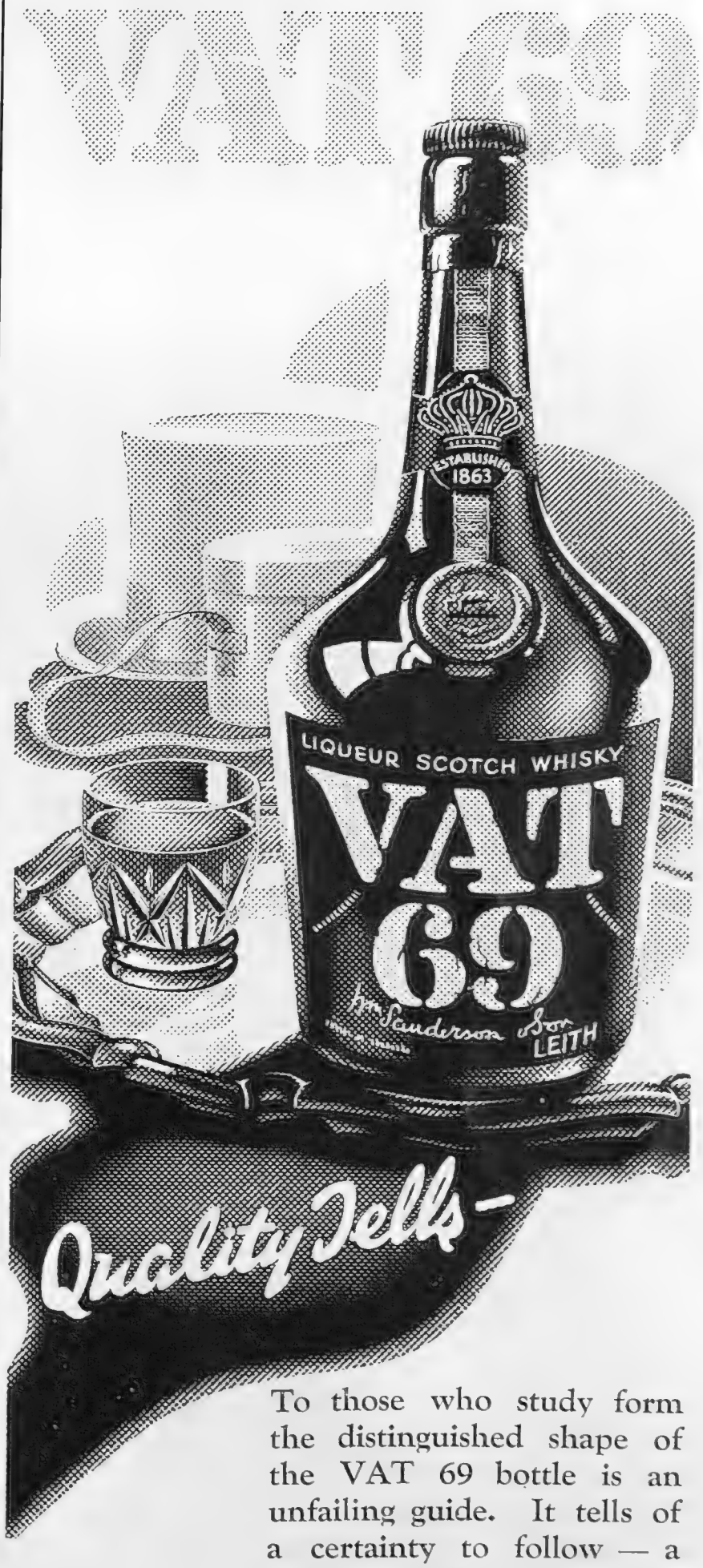
EXCELSIOR PALACE. World famed. Private beach. Tennis. Golf. Famous beach ***taverna.***

GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS. Private beach. Park. Tennis. Golf.

Grand Hotel Lido
Hotel Villa Regina } Family Hotels.

Reduced Rates.

Information and literature at all Travel Agencies or at the Compagnia Italiana dei Grandi Alberghi—Riva Schiavoni, Venice.



To those who study form the distinguished shape of the VAT 69 bottle is an unfailing guide. It tells of a certainty to follow — a thorough-bred liqueur Scotch Whisky.

. . . but there is something that neither the bottle nor the whisky tells you . . something that Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars everywhere are glad to tell you . . VAT 69 costs only 12/6.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863
BY *Sanderson's*

CLIMBING TO THE ROOF OF THE WORLD—*(Continued from p. 504)*

greasy Salween was thudding southwards through an ample valley. We descended into the hot, arid valley, halting at a village perched on a ledge amidst stark rocks. A stream gushed from the base of a cliff, and irrigated several terraces, shaded by scattered trees. It was an oasis on a steep wilderness. In the fœtid darkness of the house thousands of maddened, starving flies buzzed and jostled one another. They gave no quarter and evidently expected none; to kill a hundred only encouraged the survivors. Next day I descended another 2,000 ft. to the effervescing river. The water moved swiftly down its bed under forced draught without breaking much. This was no gorge. No great range of mountains here interrupted the heave and swell of the plateau. The Salween was an old river, as rivers go, infinitely older than the Tsangpo, in its new-rich gorge. It had been scouring this valley for maybe tens of thousands of years. I was glad to climb up out of that furnace, and breathe once more the fresh air of the plateau.

Descending towards the new river—my river—I enjoyed a startling view up the valley of red sandstone meeting white limestone in broad, curved bands of colour; the whole section backed by the blue Sino-Himalaya, down which a score of gleaming glaciers crawled gingerly, as though afraid they might tumble off. I decided to follow my river to its source; perchance it would direct me back to Shugden Gompa.

The river had its source in many shrunken glaciers, and I crossed the range by the Traki La at 18,400 ft. It was a relief when at last we reached a herder's tent, and camped. Snow fell in the night, and when we awoke the valley looked as conventional as a Christmas card. There were several herders' camps in this valley and many hundred head of cattle, besides sheep and goats. Two days later we were back at Shugden Gompa.

MR. MARCH OF MAJORCA

(Continued from p. 506)

his fortress cell he presided over his far-flung interests, and even increased these by buying up most of the Madrid Press while at the same time never ceasing his wirepulling in high influential quarters. He even got himself elected to the vital Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees which sits in judgment on Government officials' acts! And needless to say in a very short while his newspaper bloc had put a barrage down on Azaña. Thus are the destinies of modern revolutions swerved. The strong man, Azaña, one day could no longer resist, and went. And more conservative Lerroux, whom March had supported, came to power in his stead.

But Lerroux did not last, and the all-powerful millionaire prisoner of Alcalá de Hinares feared that the next government might not be so sympathetic. He was also ill. So one night last November he decided to leave prison and made that delicious exit to Gibraltar. The chief warder said, "I let him go because he wasn't feeling well and I was sorry for him."

The escape was to finish one cabinet and modify a second. During this time March was getting fit again in sumptuous Parisian surroundings. He might return to Spain, he said, when they officially recognized his right of entry to the Cortes. And while so saying, the wily Señor did a typical thing. He began selling out his Spanish interests, commencing with the important newspaper, *Informaciones*. Was this done to hurry up those fellow deputies? Whether (supposing the March millions were lost to Spain!) or no, it did hurry them up, for a month or two ago an absolving vote went in the absent one's favour to the tune of 186 against 54.

Now Juan March, more powerful than ever, is back again in his native land where, as I stated, he has identified himself with the Robles campaign of Right Youth. He is supposed to be as good as financing this.

SILKWORMS IN KENT

(Continued from p. 516)

Towards the last three days before they commenced spinning, the silkworms developed a voracious appetite, aptly called in Italy "the fever." At this stage they are so frantic for food that a loaf of bread thrown amongst them would soon be devoured. They became restless, and with raised heads and a weaving motion of the body, sought some means of climbing upward. This is termed "the rising of the silkworms," and constitutes the busiest time in the workrooms.

Bundles of twigs were placed upright on the trays. The silkworms crawled up into them and devoted themselves to their last culminating effort—spinning the cocoon. From each cocoon can be wound an unbroken strand of pure silk half a mile in length.

The further experiments of Lady Hart Dyke in the field she has explored with so much courage and enterprise will be awaited with keen anticipation. That they will have tangible results is the conviction of such as are familiar with her energetic personality.

Margaret Lomax.

LAND REGISTRY—*(Continued from p. 514)*

made on the register. The plots transferred are shown on the plan attached to the Land Certificate. Thus all the purchaser has to do to make sure that the plot he proposes to buy has not already been sold is to have a look at the plan instead of a distressing schedule relating to prior sales with which he has no concern.

One curiosity about the Land Registry offices is that it is one of the few Governmental departments (it comes under the province of the Lord Chancellor) which not only pays its way, but makes money for the country. The fee income for 1933–34 is £284,000, which is £83,000 more than the expenditure. Nevertheless, in achieving this object its fees are necessarily kept at a level calculated to render dealings with registered land notably cheaper than with unregistered land. That it is doing so is proved not only by the absence of complaint about the fees, which are less than they were before the War, but by the growing number of solicitors who advise their clients to register.

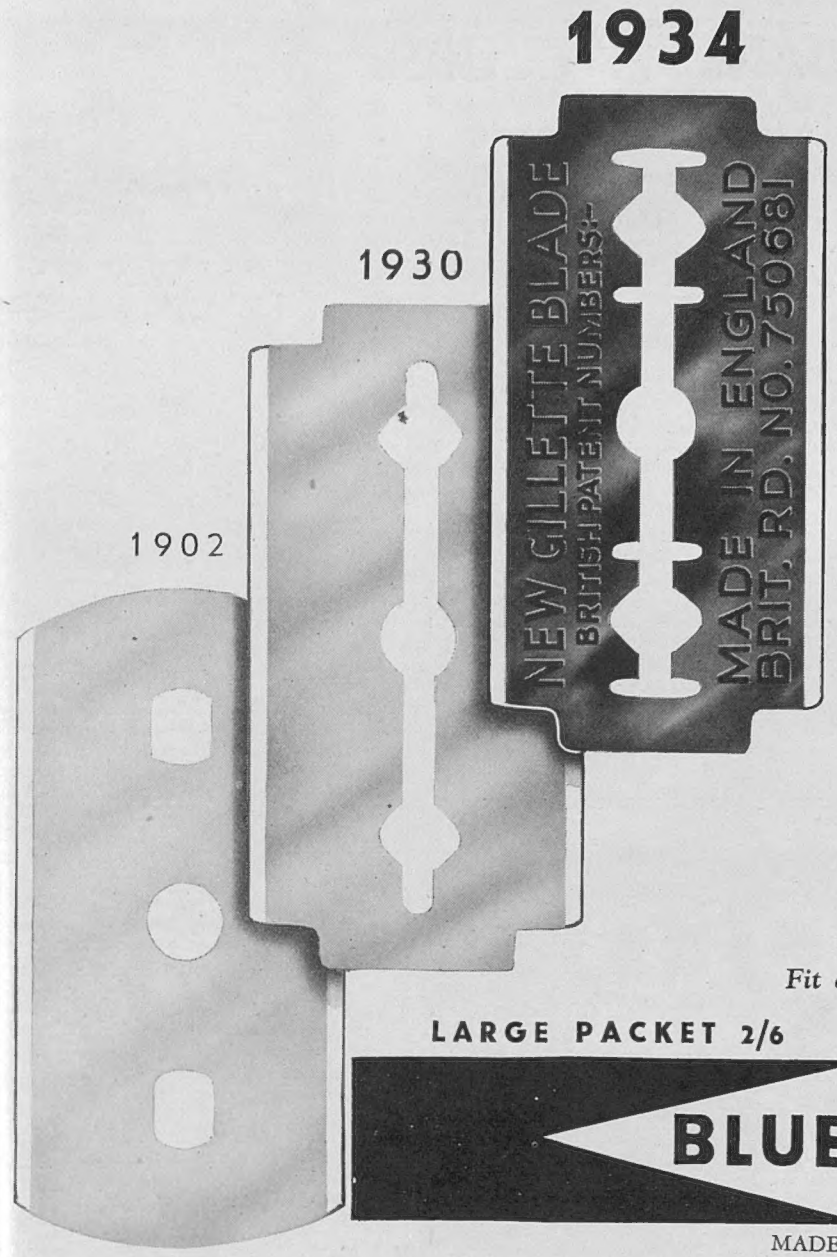
Registration of the title of land is in operation in Australia and New Zealand, in the United States, and in many of the Provinces of Canada. It is universal in Germany and Austria and, as I have said, has been working for a generation on a compulsory basis in London. It is the only method known to Western civilization by which the State can ensure that the land which is its chief asset may change hands among its subjects quickly, simply, inexpensively, and with State guaranteed safety. Why on earth it is not compulsory for England, Scotland, and Wales I cannot imagine.

A BOOK LIST

MACMILLAN.—THREE ESSAYS ON SEX AND MARRIAGE. By Edward Westermarck. 12s. 6d. net. THE FEAR OF THE DEAD. By Sir James Frazer. 10s. 6d. net. ELKIN MATHEWS & MARROT.—MEDIEVAL LATIN POETS. By Jack Lindsay. 7s. 6d. net. I AM A ROMAN. By Jack Lindsay. 7s. 6d. net. MORAY PRESS.—AN ANGLER IN ARCADIA. By Wilfrid W. Morris. 7s. 6d. net. CHATTO & WINDUS.—THE MODERN IDOLATRY. By Jeffrey Mark. 7s. 6d. net. JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT. By Louis Ferdinand Celine. 8s. 6d. net. HUTCHINSON & CO.—MY STORY. By Fred J. Perry. 18s. net. SNOWSTORM. By Kate Mary Bruce. 7s. 6d. net. BUSINESS MAN. By Lesley Storm. 7s. 6d. net. HEMP. By Ernest Wells. 7s. 6d. net. COWARDS' CASTLE. By Andrew Soutar. 7s. 6d. net. BENN.—THE POWER TO KILL. By Robert Hichens. 7s. 6d. net. WISHART.—DEATH ON THE SWIM. By Simon. 7s. 6d. net. JOHN LONG.—SLUM. By Joseph Stamper. 7s. 6d. net. JONATHAN CAPE, LTD.—WINGED VICTORY. By V. M. Yeates. 10s. 6d. net. HUMAN HISTORY. By C. Elliot Smith. New and Revised Edition. 12s. 6d. net TROPICAL FISHES AS PETS. By Christopher W. Coates. Illustrated by S. C. Dunton. 7s. 6d. net A BOOK ABOUT BEER. By A Drinker. 3s. 6d. net. MARTIN SECKER.—A COLLIER'S FRIDAY NIGHT. By D. H. Lawrence. 5s. net. THE HERALD PRINTING CO., LTD.—KESWICK AND DERWENTWATER. By M. Broatch. 1s. net. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD.—WILL ROOSEVELT SUCCEED? A study of Fascist tendencies in America. By A. Fenner Brockway. 6s. net. KEGAN PAUL.—CARLISLE IN OLD AGE (1865–1881). By David Alec Wilson and David Wilson MacArthur. Illustrated. 15s. net. C. W. DANIEL COMPANY.—SINGING WATERS. By Ian Dall. 3s. 6d. net.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, President of the Society, when speaking at the Annual Meeting, said: "I do commend this Institution to the Public for their continued assistance." The Society has just admitted the 30,000th child. Will readers of THE SPHERE kindly help in this great work of training poor boys and girls by sending donations. These gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



STILL AHEAD!

It was Gillette who revolutionised shaving over 30 years ago by the invention of the safety razor and renewable blade.

It was Gillette who led year by year thereafter in the march towards perfect shaving—by constantly improving their methods of manufacture, by perfecting new machines and new processes, by unceasing research and test.

Now, to-day, Gillette's leadership is established even more firmly by the latest product of the Gillette factory—the BLUE GILLETTE blade. Ask for Blue Gillettes and make certain of obtaining Gillette's latest step towards super shaving comfort. Obtainable of all dealers.

Fit all Gillette razors—old and new styles.

LARGE PACKET 2/6 SMALL PACKET 1/3

BLUE Gillettes

MADE IN ENGLAND

SWITZERLAND

for

inexpensive holidays

PRICES in Switzerland have been lowered all round to meet present-day needs and means. The cost of a Swiss holiday need not be any higher than it was with the exchange at par. Not only are the Hotel rates most moderate, but from the **15th June** until the **15th October,** the Swiss Railways and the Swiss Post Office (Motor Coach Services) will grant a further

SPECIAL REDUCTION of 30%

on their ordinary return and circular tickets from the Swiss frontier to inland stations, **issued in Great Britain,** provided the passenger stays in Switzerland for at least seven days.

Write for particulars and descriptive literature to the

Swiss Federal Railways

11B Regent Street, London, S.W. 1,

or to the principal Travel Agencies

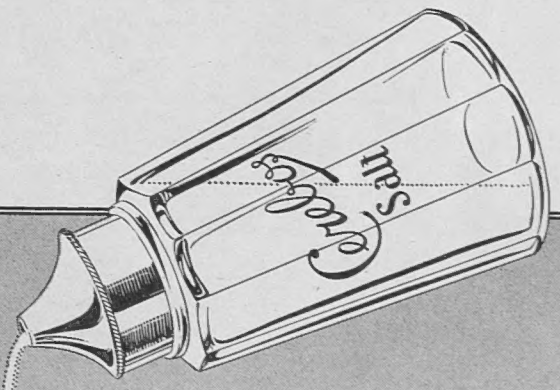
TARASP and VULPERA SPA

ENGADINE, 4,000 feet altitude

THE ONLY SULPHATE OF SODIUM SPA IN THE ALPS. **Unequalled Cures** for the stomach, intestines, biliary ducts, liver, diabetes, obesity, nervous complaints, heart and tropical diseases. Chalybeate and saline baths, rich in carbonic acid. Mud applications. Modern installations. Diets, Swimming pool, Golf, Tennis. Season, May to the end of September. Prospectus E1 free. First-class hotels KURHAUS TARASP (300 beds), WALDHAUS VULPERA (400 beds), SCHWEIZERHOF VULPERA (300 beds).

See Switzerland this year!

BY APPOINTMENT



Those who desire the best of everything invariably ask for—

Cerebos SALT

GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF MISS CLARGES which was sold recently for 1,800 guineas

ART of the VICTORIANS in ECLIPSE

Still a Keen Demand for the Work of Gainsborough and His Contemporaries, but Prices for Pictures by Nineteenth Century Artists Show a Heavy Decline

THE MOST IMPORTANT sale of the past month was held at Messrs. Christie's, on the 1st, when the pictures from the collection of the late Mr. A. J. Sulley, the well-known picture dealer, were sold, the greater number of them obtaining very good prices. Some apparently failed to reach the reserve price, while others made considerably more than was expected. For instance, "A Woody River Scene," by Hobbema, made 3,400 guineas, whereas it had been knocked down for 1,460 guineas in 1889; and Turner's "Calder Bridge," which had realized 500 guineas in 1863, now fetched 2,300 guineas.

The English portraitists all kept their place in the market, Romney's portrait of Mrs. Cross realizing 1,900 guineas, Gainsborough's "Miss Clarges" obtaining 1,800 guineas, and Hoppner's "Miss Gale" being sold for 1,400 guineas. The only one who did not keep up the same high standard of price was Reynolds, whose portrait of Master Bradshaw—a delightful picture showing the little boy in a white muslin dress with a blue sash, caressing his dog, with a background of trees and plants—realized only 400 guineas.

On the same day some family portraits, belonging to Mr. R. H. Wood, a descendant of the sitters, mostly painted by Joseph Wright, R.A., were sold. "Wright of Derby," as he was known, from scarcely ever leaving his native town, was almost exclusively a portrait-painter who aimed at lighting his pictures effectively. The Wood family of Swanwick, Derbyshire, were evidently great patrons, and it is pleasing to learn that the Derby Museum and Art Gallery bought "The Wood Children," a delightful group of two boys with cricket bats and their sister catching a cricket ball, which they obtained for £700.

"SIR GALAHAD" BY G. F. WATTS: One of the pictures from the late Lord Faringdon's collection

The art of the late Victorian artists, so much appreciated in their day, is under a severe depression at the present time in the sale rooms. Whether they will ever rise again is a matter of question but probably not to the peak period when Millais's picture "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" made £8,190. Their fall in value was shown at the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 13 when the late Lord Faringdon's collection, consisting very largely of the works of Millais, G. F. Watts, Leighton, and Burne-Jones, was dispersed.

Millais's well-known picture of Esther, attired in royal apparel, which has been on exhibition in various places ever since it was first painted, was knocked down for £195. Two pictures by Lord Leighton — "Venus Disrobing" and "Daedalus and Icarus," fetched the modest sums of £270 and £230 respectively. Two large pictures by J. W. Waterhouse, R.A. (whose "St. Cecilia" once obtained £2,415), depicting subjects so much delighted in by our grandparents, "Nymphs finding the head of Orpheus" and such like, obtained only £310 between them.

Six panels known as "The Six Angels of Creation" painted by Burne-Jones as a design for a window in Tamworth Church and now in a frame designed by the artist, fetched £860, quite a fair price, but a considerable drop from the £1,732 given for it in 1886. The picture which inspired the most interest was G. F. Watt's "Sir Galahad," one of the most popular pictures, and much reproduced some forty years ago. It fetched £830. Among the few old masters which Lord Faringdon possessed was a portrait of Master William Russell, a small boy in the short-sleeved girlish frock of the time, by Hoppner. This one picture, which was knocked down for £3,400, realized almost as much as all the late Victorian pictures in the sale put together.

THERE was keen interest in the sale of engravings at Messrs. Sotheby's towards the end of May, when Wheatley's "Cries of London"—the thirteen plates—belonging to the Comte de Suzannet, were sold for £1,100. A few years ago a similar set, but considerably finer in quality, had realized £3,300. Prices are now on an altogether steadier level, which is much better for everyone than the soaring heights of the boom years.

There was no furniture sale of definite importance during June, but a panel of Gothic tapestry, sold at Christie's, belonging to Mr. Edson Bradley of Newport, U.S.A., was remarkable. It had an interesting history, being one of the sets of tapestry made by the Greniers of Tournai, at the end of the fifteenth century, illustrating the Great History of Troy. These sets were made for the reigning monarchs of the period and some of the powerful dukes, most of them, apart from five panels, having disappeared, except for some odd fragments. This panel of Mr. Bradley's was too large for the ordinary house of to-day, and in consequence did not have a great number of bidders, but was finally sold for 3,300 guineas. It illustrates Ulysses and Diomedes at the court of Troy, to which they had gone to demand the return of Helen.

Thackeray's letters, manuscripts, and drawings proved the leading attraction at an important sale at Messrs. Sotheby's. There was almost too great a wealth of Thackeray material for any one sale, if prices were to be maintained at a very high level. A series of eighteen very interesting and descriptive letters written by Thackeray to the two Perry sisters, when the author was lecturing in the U.S.A. in 1855, brought in £831 altogether. The most delightful and intimate letter of this series (which fetched individually £245) was the one in which Thackeray refers with regret to having finished writing *The Newcomes*.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

L., Cards (Ulster).—There are train connections between Belfast and Larne on Sunday mornings, a train leaving Belfast at 8.50 a.m. arriving Larne 9.32 a.m., and another leaving Belfast at 10.30 a.m. arriving in Larne at 11.29 a.m. In Larne you would find the hotel Laharna very comfortable, with terms from 10s. 6d. per day. Farther north on the Antrim coast, two very delightful spots are Cushendall and Cushenden, the latter slightly smaller. Both are on the coast with good bathing facilities, and are surrounded by extremely pretty scenery. At the former you would get terms at Delargy's Hotel from 12s. 6d. per day, and at the Cushenden Hotel in Cushenden for 10s. per day.

C., Norfolk (S.R. week-end cruises).—The *St. Briac*, of the Southern Railway makes a cruise every week-end during the summer, from Southampton to Havre and up the River Seine to Rouen. The inclusive fares from London range from £3 10s., and from Southampton from £3. Passengers leave London at 9 p.m. on Friday, arriving back there at 9.3 a.m. on Monday. Similar cruises are made during mid-week. Shore excursions are arranged at Havre and Rouen for a modest supplement.

W., India (Wildbad).—Wildbad is an excellent centre for seeing the beauties of the Black Forest of Germany, and it is possible to make both short and long excursions by motor coach. Excellent trout fishing can be had in the immediate vicinity of Wildbad, the permit, including the stamp fee, costing 8·50 marks for one day, and 25 marks for seven days. The trout-fishing season is from May to September. A good pension in Wildbad is the Jungborn, with full board prices during the season from 6 to 7 marks per day. An excellent hotel is the Deutscher Hof, terms from 8 to 10 marks per day. Registered marks can be obtained at a rate of about 19·50 to the £, as against the ordinary rate of about 13·20 to the £. Registered marks should be bought before entering Germany, as they cannot be bought when once in that country.

H., Durham (Switzerland).—Thun, situated on the lake of that name, makes a good headquarters in the Bernese Oberland, while there are also facilities for bathing, golf, and tennis. The Hotels Bellevue and Park can be recommended, at either of which you could get en pension terms from 12 Swiss francs per day.

Hints for Travellers

PARIS ATTRACTIONS.

A very attractive little brochure, illustrated, and in colour, has been prepared by the Office National du Tourisme, 101 Champs-Elysées, for the benefit of British visitors to Paris, which describes briefly, and to the point, many of the outstanding places of interest, such as Notre Dame, Cluny, Le Palais Bourbon, the Tomb of Napoleon, Place Vendôme, the Boulevard Montmartre, the Tuileries, the Sorbonne, the Eiffel Tower, the Pont-au-Change, the Palais Royal, the Institute and the Champs Elysées. This little guide should prove handy for those who have made up their minds to avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity offered from now onwards, until July 8, the period of the famous Fêtes de Paris, of visiting Paris with the advantage of special reductions in fares, hotel prices, theatre tickets, and so forth. Paris will be quite at its gayest and best, with fêtes of all kinds, musical, aquatic and fêtes d'élégance. There will be a gala performance of *Coriolanus* at the Comédie Française, a Maurice Ravel Festival at the Opéra, costume dances, horse racing at Longchamps, a boxing match between Len Harvey and Marcel Thil, an international fencing tournament, and many other sporting events of interest. As all the theatres, music halls, hotels and restaurants are also announcing special attractions it does not require much discernment to prophesy a very enjoyable time for all forthcoming visitors to Paris.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Unriv. posn.

Gallspach.—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast 140rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Heyst-s-Mer. — Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pens. fr. 65 Frs. Tels. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.—
Opposite Casino. First class.
Moderate Terms.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing, Tennis. 11 acres gardens. A A. Apply for terms.

Jersey. — Royal Yacht Hotel. — Lift all floors. H. & C. running water all rooms. Overlooking sea. Jersey's luxury hotel.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E. Prop.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest). — "Brenner's Stephanie" and **"Brenner's Park."** —Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue." — The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from R.M. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence. — Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. — 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof. — The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4.

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

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